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SKETCHES IN AMERICA,

IN THE YEAR 1740.

IT is always amusing, and sometimes instructive, to compare the scene before us with the same objects, as they appeared in former times. The contrasts, which are sometimes thus produced, are very striking, and, in a country so changeful and rapidly progressive as America, these contrasts are peculiarly interesting. What changes have not sixty years produced on the Atlantic coast of this new world!

With these impressions, the following extracts are taken from the letters of a traveller in the southern states, in the year 1740. They are sketches that may not prove altogether unamusing to those who have had an opportunity of viewing the same objects, after the lapse of sixty-five memorable and eventful years.

York-Town, capital of the county of that name, is situated on a rising ground, gently descending every way into a valley, and though but straglingly built, yet makes no inconsiderable figure. You perceive a great air of opulence among the inhabitants, who have some of them built themselves houses, equal in magnificence to many of our superb ones at St. James's; as those of Mr. Lightfoot, Nelson, &c. Almost every considerable man keeps an equipage, though they have no concern about the different colours of their coach horses, driving frequently black, white, and chesnut in the same harness. The taverns are many here, and much frequented, and an unbounded licentiousness seems to taint the morals of the young gentlemen of this place. The court-house is the only considerable public building, and is no unhandsome structure. The amiable hospitality I have just passed an eulogium upon, on the other side of the bay, seems on this shore to have found no great footing: schemes of gain, or parties of gaming or pleasure, muddy too much their souls, and banish from among them the glorious propensity to doing good. The most considerable houses are of brick; some handsome ones of wood,

all built in the modern taste, and the lesser sort of plaster. There are some very pretty garden spots in the town; and the avenues leading to Williamsburgh, Norfolk, &c. are prodigiously agreeable. The roads are, as I said before, some of the best I ever saw, and infinitely superior to most in England. The country surrounding is thickly overspread with plantations, and the planters live, in a manner, equal to men of the best fortune, some of them being possessed of 500 or 1000*l.* a year, sterling.

Gloucester, Hampton, and Norfolk are towns of near the same structure, there being little difference, save that, at the last mentioned place, a spirit of trade reigns, far surpassing that of any other part of Virginia. A great number of vessels are fitted out from thence, to trade to the northward and the West Indies; and the inhabitants are, from their great intercourse with strangers, abundantly more refined. But, before I leave York entirely, I should just mention the battery, that is the defence of the town, which at this time was under the direction of an awkward engineer, by trade a barber, and is as despicably contrived for the safety of the place, as it, no doubt, would be conducted in a time of danger. Indeed, Virginia is quite an open country to the incursions of an enemy, having little to resist an attack by sea but the men of war stationed there, which are generally two or three. In a land expedition from the natives, or French and Spaniards, indeed, their numbers, it is hoped, will always protect them, seeing that they could assemble, at the shortest warning, a militia of 18 or 20,000 men. They have also some forts towards the Apalaches, which bridle the Indians, and secure the trade with them.

Williamsburgh is a most wretched contrived affair for the capital of a country, being near three miles from the sea, in a bad situation. There is nothing considerable in it, but the college, the governor's house, and one or two more, which are no bad piles; and the prodigious number of coaches that crowd the deep, sandy streets of this little city. It is very surprising to me, that this should be preferred to James Town, Hampton, or some other situations I could mention. Here the courts of justice are held, and with a dignity and decorum that would become them even in Europe. The present lieutenant-governor Gooch is much beloved by every one, and, by his mild and agreeable disposition, diffuses content every where around. The posts that are most stickled for here are the office of secretary, which is said to be worth 900*l.* *per annum;* and the being naval officers to the several counties, which are places of good profit.

Golden Quarter is a kind of straggling country village, but the inhabitants of that place and Senepuxon, though poorer than some of their neighbours of Maryland, occasioned by the poverty of their soil, are a perfectly hospitable, sociable, and honest set of people, and abound in every necessary of life, and most of the conveniences. In short, they seem to repine only on three accounts, as all this side of the colony does. The one is the scarcity of strong liquors; another, the extravagant dues to their clergy, whom they pay a pretty large quantity of tobacco yearly to, by way of tithe, for every head in their families; and the third is their larger quit-rent than any of their neighbours under the king's governors. These things the poorer sort feel pretty smartly. The clergy ought to be supported independently and decently; and certainly they are an order necessary, while they behave soberly and uprightly, to the well-being of society, and seem no where more so than in these countries; but there is little justice in a poor landholder's being obliged to give him as great an offering as his opulent neighbour. But here, as every where, the complaints are very much regulated by the pastor's behaviour. You seldom hear any grumbling when he is a

kind, beneficent, humane, and regular man, that feels for, and endeavours to supply, the mental wants, as well as the bodily ones, of the charge entrusted to him; who never, from vanity, enthusiasm, or vain ostentation of learning, puzzles and distracts his hearers, by leading them astray from the plain paths of christianity, into the eternal labyrinths of mystery; nor sets up himself up for an infallible judge of every dispute, and the authoratative decider of every question; nor "*daubs and dresses religion, which is divinely pure, and simple from all arts, like a common mistress, the object of his fancy.*"

The rum they generally have from their stores is the New England sort, which has so confounded a sting, and has so much of the molasses twang, that it is really nauseous, and this held up to a very large price. Sometimes, indeed, a European vessel lands, to the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, a cargo of another sort; which, however, never diffuses itself much to those beneath them. In other better settled parts of Maryland, indeed, as about Annapolis, and elsewhere, you hear no complaints of this sort, as every thing is in plenty. What I am speaking of relates principally to Worcester county and the parts adjacent, where the number of merchants or *store keepers* is small. You now and then meet with a cup of good cyder, in the season, here, though of a thin fretting kind. The beer they brew is excellent, which they make in great quantities, of parsimons or molasses; for few of them malt their corn, of any kind, at which I was much surprised; as even the Indian grain, as I have found experimentally, will produce a wholesome and generous liquor. The meaner sort taste little else but water when their cyder is spent. Mush and milk, or molasses, hominy, wild fowl, and fish, are their principal diet; whilst the water presented to you, by one of the barefooted family, in a copious calabash, with an innocent strain of good-breeding and heartiness, the cake baking on the hearth, and the cleanliness of every thing around you, must needs put you in mind of the golden age, the times of ancient frugality and purity. Universal hospitality reigns, with its full tables and open doors, the kind salute and the generous detention. Many planters are immensely rich, and I think one of them numbers on his lands near 1000 wretches, that tremble with submissive awe at his nod, besides white servants: their pastures blessed with increasing flocks, whilst their yards and closses boast hundreds of tame poultry, of every kind, and their husbandry is rewarded with crops equal to all their ambition.

The planters in Maryland have been so used by the merchants, and so great a property has been made of them in their tobacco contracts, that a new face seems to be overspreading the country; and, like their more northern neighbours, they in great numbers have turned themselves to the raising of grain and live stock, of which they now begin to send great quantities to the West Indies. And it is the blessing of this country and Virginia, and fits it extremely for the trade it carries on, that the planters can deliver their commodities at their own back-doors, as the whole colony is interflowed by the most noble navigable rivers in the world. However, this good property is attended with this ill consequence, that, being so well seated at home, they have no ambition to fill a metropolis, and associate together. They require no *bourses*, or meetings about trade; a letter will bargain for them, and the general run of the market determines the price of the commodity. For this reason the capitals, and other towns in these two colonies, are very slightly peopled, and very badly situated, and remarkable for little else than the residence of the governors, and the meeting of governor, council, and

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assembly. The principal meetings of the country are at their court-houses, as they call them; which are their courts of justice, and where much idle wrangling is on foot. The lawyers have an excellent time here, and if a man is a clever fellow that way, it is a sure step to fortune. It is necessity that has driven the practitioners of the law hither, from Europe, and other parts of America, and I remember few that had not made it very well worth their while.

Wherever you travel in Maryland, Virginia, or Carolina, you are astonished at the number of colonels, majors, and captains. The whole country seems at first a retreat of heroes; but, alas! to behold the musters of their militia would prompt a man to nauseate a sash, and hold a sword for ever in derision. Diversity of weapons and dresses, unsizeableness of the men, and want of the least grain of discipline in their officers or themselves, make the whole scene like this of Dryden's:

And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
Mouths without hands, maintained at vast expence,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:
Stout, once a year, they march a blust'ring band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand;
Of seeming arms they make a short essay,
Then hasten to get drunk, the bus'ness of the day.

At this time they are alarmed with an Indian excursion, and numbers are marching to defend the out-settlements. Their government is much respected by them, and one may, on the whole, say, they are a happy people. The negroes live as easily as any where in America, and at set times have a pretty deal of liberty in their quarters, as they are called. As to their general usage of their slaves, it is monstrous and shocking. To be sure, a *new negro**, if he must be broke, either from obstinacy or from greatness of soul, will require harder discipline than a young spaniel. You would be surprised at their perseverance; let a hundred men show him how to hoe, or drive a wheel-barrow, he will still take the one by the bottom, and the other by the wheel; and they often die before they can be conquered. They are, no doubt, great thieves, but this may flow from their unhappy circumstances, and not from a natural bent; and when they have robbed, you may lash them hours before they will confess the fact; however, were they not to look upon every white man as their tormentor; were a slight fault to be pardoned now and then; were their masters, and those adamantine-hearted overseers, to exercise a little more persuasion, complacency, tenderness, and humanity towards them, it might, perhaps, improve their tempers to a greater degree of tractability. Such masters, and such overseers, Maryland may with justice boast; and Mr. Bull, the late lieutenant-governor of Carolina, is an instance, among many, of this in that province; but, on the contrary, I remember an instance of a late sea officer, then resident in a neighbouring colony, that, for a mere peccadillo, ordered his slave to be tied up, and for a whole hour diverted himself with the wretch's groans. Struck at the mournful sound, with a friend, I hasted to the noise, where the brute was begin-

* A negro just purchased from the *Guinea-man*. It is really shocking to be present at a mart of this sort, where the buyers handle them as the butchers do beasts in Smithfield, to see if they are proof in cod, flank, and shoulders. And the women, who have plantations, I have seen mighty busy in examining the limbs, size, and abilities of their intended purchases. I do not speak this of Maryland; for I never saw a lady at market there, but have elsewhere in America.

ning a new scene of barbarity, and belaboured the creature so long with a large cane, his overseer being tired with the cowskin*, that he remained without sense and motion. Happily he recovered, but, alas! remained a spectacle of horror to his death. His master died soon after, and, perhaps, may meet him *where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest;* where

No fiends torment, no christians thirst for gold.

Another, upon the same spot, when a girl had been lashed till she confessed a robbery, in mere wantonness continued the persecution, repeating, every now and then, "*God damn you, when you go to hell, I wish God would damn me, that I might follow you with the cowskin there.*"

The convicts transported hither sometimes prove worthy, and entirely forsake their former follies; but the trade has for some time run in another channel; and so many volunteer servants come over, especially Irish, that the other is a scarce commodity. Several of the best planters, or their ancestors, have, in the two colonies, been originally convicts, and therefore are much to be esteemed for forsaking their old courses. They tell many stories of these people, one of which I repeat, as I had it from the very person himself, who is the chief in the story.

About sixty years ago, captain ——, walking through Lincoln's Inn Fields, beheld a very pretty child, about six years of age, bewailing himself for the loss of his father, whom he had some how or other strayed from. He soothed the child, persuaded him to dry his tears, and told him he had orders from his father, who was just set out for the country, to bring him to him. The innocent victim, without thought of harm, followed his deliverer, as he thought, who carried him in the stage coach to Bristol, and there immediately put him on board his vessel, which sailed a fortnight after for this part of the world. Still fed up with hopes of seeing his father, and that he was going but a small trip by water, where he was, and indulged by the captain in all he desired, the time slipped away, till the brute made appear, by the vilest actions, his accursed design. The lad suffered much, but his innocence rendered him incapable to judge of the propriety of such actions, and he was acquiescent. When he arrived at the end of his voyage, being very ill, he sold him to a planter, for fourteen years, for twelve guineas. The planter, a man of great humanity, taking a fancy to the child, heard his simple tale, and perceived the villany, but not till the vessel had sailed. He enquired his name, and just so much he could tell him, and sent over to advertise him in the public papers; but before this design could be completed, near two years elapsed, from his first being kidnapped, when, probably, his father and mother were both dead, and, perhaps, the cause of their death, this accident. In short, the master liked the youth more and more, who was sober and diligent, and married him to an only daughter, leaving him, at his decease, his whole substance. Thirty years elapsed, and, though under great pain for his ignorance of his parents, yet happy in his family and affairs, he lived with great content;

* A cowskin is so called, from being a large thong from the hide of that animal, twisted into the shape of a swish horse-whip, and as hard as a bull's pizzle. The common method is to tie them up by the hands to the branch of a tree, so that their toes can hardly touch the ground; but, in the West Indies, they are so habituated to ill usage, and their spirits so sunk, that the overseer need only bid them cast up their arms over their heads, which the poor creatures readily do, and then the torturer, taking a run at him, lashes him; and this discipline is repeated sometimes forty times. Hardly a negro but bears the marks of punishment in large scars on his back and sides.

when a ship, with convicts, coming in, he went to purchase some servants, and the idea of his barbarous captain was so impressed on his mind, that he knew him at first sight, and bought him eagerly. A notorious crime had brought him into these circumstances, and entirely ruined him. As soon as he brought him home, he carried him into a private room, and locked himself in with him; but what words could express the wretch's confusion and astonishment, when he understood whose hands he had fallen into! for he had no notion before of the gentleman's being the same that, when a lad, he had used so vilely. Struck with remorse, and the fear of punishment, he fell on his knees, and begged forgiveness. It was in vain he was interrogated about his master's parents; he knew as little of them as himself. The master, enraged, ordered him to be locked into an upper room, resolving to keep him to the hard service he deserved the remainder of his life; but the next morning he was found stabbed to the heart, with a knife that had been incautiously left in the room, and so, despairingly, finished a wretched life. The gentleman is now near 70, and very hearty and well.

At my arrival at Snowhill, I took up quarters at an ordinary, and found them very good. The parson *of the parish*, who has the only brick house in town, was a good conversable man, as was also the presbyterian minister, a Scotsman, of which nation great numbers are settled hereabouts. The church and all the houses are built of wood, but some of them have brick stacks of chimneys; some have their foundations in the ground, others are built on puncheons or logs, a foot or two from the earth, which is more airy, and a defence against vermin. The women are pretty, and the men obliging enough. The town is very irregular, and has much the aspect of a country fair, most of the houses differing very little from booths.

I staid here only one day, and the next set forward with hired horses, not being able to buy any in the town. The hire was a shilling sterling per day for each horse, and a shilling per day for a guide. They are good serviceable little creatures, and travel at a great rate. The next night we got to the line that divides Maryland from Virginia, being about thirty miles, through a road whose delightful scenes constantly refreshed the senses with new and beauteous objects.

There cannot be a greater grievance to a traveller, from one colony to another, than the different values their paper money bears; for if he does not get rid of the money of one place before he arrives at another, he is sure to be a considerable loser. The New England money, for instance, which is excessively bad, and where, to pay a sixpence or three-pence, they tear a shilling bill to pieces, is much beneath the New York money in value, and will hardly be got off there without some person is going into the first-named province. New York and Pennsylvania often differ about the dignity of their bills, and they fall and rise in the different circulations they take. The Maryland money is generally pretty good, but of a low value; and this, again, is not taken on the western shore of Chesapeake, where only gold and silver is current. North Carolina is still lower than Maryland, and South Carolina worst of all; for their money there is so low as seven for one sterling, so that it makes a prodigious sound; and not only so, but even private traders there coin money, if I may use the expression, and give out small printed, or written circulating notes, from six-pence to a pound, and upwards, in which they are, no doubt, considerable gainers, not only by the currency of so much ready money, without much expence in making it, but also by loss, wearing out, or other accidents. In Georgia, again, this money never passes, for all their bills are of sterling value, and will pass all over America as well as bank notes.

There is, I find, considerable stock-jobbing in America, by issuing out, and calling in, their new and old bills.

There are considerable numbers of Roman catholics in Maryland, particularly about the borders of Pennsylvania; but the bulk of the colony is episcopal, with a mixture of other sects. The women are handsome, in general, and notable housewives.

They have some seminaries of learning in the two colonies; but Williamsburg college, in Virginia, is the resort of all the children whose parents can afford it; and there they live in an academical manner; and, really, the masters are men of great knowledge and discretion, though it cannot yet vie with those excellent universities of the Massachusetts; for the youth of these more luxurious settlements partake pretty much of the *petit maitre*, and are pampered much more than their neighbours more northward. Those that cannot afford to send their children to the better schools, send them to the country school-masters, who are generally servants, who, after serving their terms out, set up for themselves, and pick up a livelihood by that, and writing letters, and keeping books, for their illiterate neighbours, Often a clever servant or convict, that can write and read tolerably, and is of no handicraft business, is indented to some planter, who has a number of children, as a school-master, and then, to be sure, he is a tip-top man in his parts, and the servant is used with particular indulgence.

The young fellows are not much burdened with study, nor are their manners vastly polite; but the old gentlemen are, generally, a most agreeable set, and possess a pretty deal of knowledge; nay, I know some of the better sort, whose share of learning and reading would really surprise you, considering their education; but this, to be sure, must be an after improvement. Their children, when young, they suffer too much to prowl among the young negroes, which insensibly causes them to imbibe their manners and broken speech. The girls, under such good mothers, generally have twice the sense and discretion of the boys; their dress is neat and clean.

It is an odd sight, that, except some of the very elevated sort, few persons wear perukes, so that you would imagine they were all sick, or going to bed. Common people wear woollen and yarn caps, but the better ones wear white Holland, or cotton. Thus they travel fifty miles from home. It may be cooler, for ought I know; but, methinks, it is very ridiculous.

They are all great horsemen, and have so much value for the saddle, that, rather than walk to church five miles, they will go eight to catch their horses, and ride there; so that you would think their churches looked like the out-skirts of a country horse-fair; but then, as some excuse, it may be said, that their churches are often very distant from their habitations.

Mirth and glee reign in Maryland, among all ranks; and, at set times, nothing but jollity and feasting go forward. Music and dancing are the everlasting delights of the lads and lasses, and some *very odd* customs they have at these merry-makings. You would think all care was then thrown aside, and that every misfortune was buried in oblivion. In short, my spirits have been sometimes raised so much, that I have almost forgotten I was of another clime, and have wished myself for ever amongst them.

For the Literary Magazine.

CAPTAIN STANDISH.

CAPTAIN STANDISH was a famous warrior among the primitive settlers of New England. He was descended from a family of distinction, and was heir apparent to a great estate unjustly detained from him, which compelled him to de-

pend on himself for support. He was small in stature, but of an active spirit, a sanguine temper, and strong constitution. These qualities led him to the profession of arms. Having been in the service of queen Elizabeth, in aid of the Dutch, after the truce, he settled with Mr. Robinson's people in Leyden. He was in the first company who came over to America, in 1620; he commanded the first detachment for making discoveries after their arrival; he was chosen military commander on the first settlement of their military concerns. Generally, in the subsequent excursions and interviews with the natives, he was the first to meet them, accompanied by a small number of his own choosing. During the terrible sickness of the first winter, when two or three died in a day, and the living were scarcely able to bury the dead, captain Standish retained his health, and kindly nursed the sick. On the 29th of January he was called to see his beloved wife expire.

When Corbitant, one of the petty sachems of Massasoit, meditated a revolt, captain Standish, with fourteen men, surrounded his house in Swanzey, but he being absent, they informed his people that they should destroy him, if he persisted in his rebellion. This so alarmed the chief, that he intreated the mediation of Massasoit, and accordingly was admitted, with eight other chiefs, to subscribe his submission to the English.

In 1622, when he had fortified Plymouth, he divided his men into four squadrons, appointing every individual his post. In case of fire, a select company mounted guard, with their backs to the fire, to watch for approaching enemies. Being sent on a trading voyage to Matachiest, between Barnstable and Yarmouth, in February, 1623, a severe storm compelled him to leave his vessel, and sleep in a hut of the Indians. Being impressed with an idea of their design to kill him, he made his people keep guard all night, by which he escaped the snare they had laid for him. In the morning it was found that goods had been stolen in the night from the shallop; he, with his party, surrounded the house of the sachem, and the things were restored.

Often was a singular providence conspicuous in his preservation. The next month, at Manomet, a creek in Sandwich, where he went for corn, he was not received with their usual cordiality; two Indians from Massachusetts were there; one had an iron dagger, and derided the Europeans, because he had seen them, when dying, "cry, and make sour faces, like children." An Indian of the place, who had formerly been his friend, appearing now very friendly, invited the captain to sleep with *him*, because the weather was cold. Standish accepted his hospitality, and passed the night by his fire; but sleep had departed from his eyes; he was restless, and in motion, all night, though his host seemed solicitous for his comfort, and "earnestly pressed him to take his rest." It was afterward discovered that this Indian intended to kill him if he had fallen asleep.

Weston's people, who settled at Wessagusset, lived without religion or law. This rendered them contemptible in the view of savages, who soon began to insult and abuse them. The company pretended to satisfy the Indians for a theft, not by punishing the thief, but by hanging a decrepid old man, who had become burdensome to them. This settlement was composed of a set of needy adventurers. But before this company knew their own danger, the governor of Plymouth had learned from Massasoit the plot of the natives for their destruction, and sent captain Standish to their relief. He had made choice of eight men, refusing to take more. Arriving at Wessagusset, now Weymouth, he found the people scattered, and in imminent danger, yet stupidly insensible to the destruction ready to burst upon them. Standish was careful not to excite the jealousy of the natives till he could assemble the people of the plantation. An Indian

brought him some furs, whom he treated "smoothly," yet the Indian reported that he "saw by the captain's eyes that he was angry in his heart." This induced Pecksuot, a chief of courage, to tell Hobbamock, Standish's Indian guide and interpreter, that he "understood the captain was come to kill him, and the rest of the savages there; but tell him," said he, "we know it, but fear him not; neither will we shun him, let him begin when he dare, he shall not take us at unawares." Others whet their knives before him, using insulting gestures and speeches. Among the rest, Wittuwamat, a daring son of war, whose head the government had ordered Standish to bring to Plymouth, boasted of the excellence of his knife, on the handle of which was a woman's face. "But," said he, "I have another at home, with which I have killed both French and English; that has a man's face; by and by these two must be married." Further said he of his knife, "By and by it shall *see*, by and by it shall *eat*, but not *speak*."

Pecksuot, being a man of great stature, said to Standish, "though you are a great captain, yet you are but a little man, and though I be no sachem, yet I am a man of great strength and courage." The captain had formed his plan, and was therefore silent. The next day, seeing he could get no more of them together, Pecksuot and Wittuwamat, and his brother, a young man of eighteen, and one Indian more being together, and having about as many of his own men in the room, he gave the *word;* the door was fast; he seized Pecksuot, snatched his knife from him, and killed him with it; the rest killed Wittuwamat and the other Indian. The youth they took and hanged. Dreadful was the scene; incredible the number of wounds they bore; without any noise, catching at the weapons, struggling and striving till death. At another place, he and his men killed one more. Captain Standish then returned to Plymouth, carrying the head of Wittuwamat, which was set up on the fort. The news of this exploit spread terror through the surrounding tribes; amazed and terrified, they fled to swamps and desert places, which brought on diseases and death to many. One of the sachems said, "The God of the English was offended with them, and would destroy them in his anger."

Some reflected on captain Standish, as being more of a hero than a christian, in this affair; but if there were any fault, it certainly rested with the good magistrates of Plymouth; Standish only obeyed their orders; they deliberately and coolly sanctioned the most bloody part of his conduct, by setting up the head of Wittuwamat as a public spectacle. All military exploits are dreadful.

In 1625 he was sent an agent for the company to England. The plague was raging in London, and he met with difficulty in accomplishing his business; but the next year he returned with goods for the colony, bringing the melancholy news, that Mr. Cushman and Mr. Robinson were numbered with the dead.

A company of the baser sort had set down at Quincy; under one Morton, they had deposed their commander, sold arms to the natives, and invited fugitives from other places. Captain Endicott, from Salem, gave them a small check, and cut down their *liberty pole*. Captain Standish subdued them. Being sent for the purpose, and finding reasoning vain, he took them prisoners, and carried them to Plymouth; thence they were sent to England. Previous to this, in 1624, the people of Plymouth had erected fishing slakes at Cape Ann. A company from the west of England, the next year, took possession of them. Captain Standish was sent to obtain justice. His threats were serious, and the people of Cape Ann assured the company they were dead men, unless they satified the captain, for he was always punctual to his word. The company then built another

stage, or flake, in a more advantageous situation, which the Plymouth people accepted: thus harmony was restored.

A tradition in the family says, that a friendly native once came and told the captain, that a particular Indian intended to kill him; that the next time he visited the wigwam he would give him some water, and, while he should be drinking, the Indian would kill him with his knife. The next time the captain had occasion to go to the place, he remembered his trusty sword. He found a number of savages together, and soon had reason to believe the information which had been given him. It was not long before the suspected Indian brought him some drink; the captain receiving it, kept his eye fixed on him while drinking. The Indian was taking his knife to make the deadly stab, when Standish instantly drew his sword, and cut off his head at one stroke. Amazed and terrified, the savages fled, and left our warrior alone.

After the year 1628, we hear no more of the military exploits of this valorous commander. Whether a constant series of vigorous exertions, for so many years, had impaired his health, and rendered him unfit for active service, as it is said he was afflicted with the stone and strangury in his advanced years; or whether he became tired of such dreary, dangerous excursions, it is, perhaps, impossible now to ascertain. Certain it is, he did not, in the least degree, lose the confidence of the people. During his whole life, which was prolonged almost thirty years after this, he was constantly elected one of the principal officers of the growing commonwealth; he was one of the magistrates or judges of the superior court of the colony as long as he lived. When, "in regard of many appearances of danger towards the country," a council of war was appointed in 1652, vested with full power "to issue warrants to press men, and to give commissions to chief officers," the venerable Standish was among "the first three." In 1653, we find him acting in this council; and once more we may see him clothed in his coat of mail. In 1654, Cromwell called on New England for troops, to subdue the Dutch of New York. Massachusetts ordered 500 to be furnished. Captain Standish received the command of those raised in Plymouth colony. A part of his commission, probably his last, was in these words: "We, having raised some forces, over which we do constitute our well-beloved friend, captain Miles Standish, their leader and *commander in chief;* of whose approved fidelity and ability we have had *long* experience."

He was now probably 70 years of age. He had been engaged in the wars in the Netherlands, which ended about 1609. It is not probable that he left his native country before he was 21; how long he continued in the army we know not, but probably he was 25 when he joined Mr. Robinson's congregation, after the peace: it is not probable that a younger man would have been made military commander in 1620; this will make him just seventy. He lived two years after this, dying in 1656, at Duxbury, where he had a tract of land, which is now known by the name of the Captain's Hill. He had one son, Alexander, who died in Duxbury; a grandson of his, Joseph Standish, settled in Norwich, Connecticut. A house of the latter was burned, in which was destroyed the sword of the captain, which fought the first battles of New England. Those are certainly deceived who imagine they have it in possession. His name will be long venerated in New England.

For the Literary Magazine.

DR. FRANKLIN'S JUNTO.

THE following set of rules, formed by Dr. Franklin, for a club, founded by himself, may probably

not be yet entirely worn out of the memory and affections of some men still living.

The club was held in Philadelphia, and composed of men considerable for their influence and discretion. Though the chief measures of Pennsylvania usually received their first formation in this club, it existed for thirty years, without the nature of its institution being publicly known.

Previous Question, to be answered at every meeting.

Have you read over these queries this morning, in order to consider what you might have to offer the junto, touching any one of them? viz.:

1. Have you met with any thing in the author you last read, remarkable, or suitable to be communicated to the junto, particularly in history, morality, poetry, physic, travels, mechanic arts, or other parts of knowledge?

2. What new story have you lately heard, agreeable for telling in conversation?

3. Hath any citizen in your knowledge failed in his business lately, and what have you heard of the cause?

4. Have you lately heard of any citizen's thriving well, and by what means?

5. Have you lately heard how any present rich man, here or elsewhere, got his estate?

6. Do you know of any fellow-citizen, who has lately done a worthy action, deserving praise and imitation? or who has committed an error proper for us to be warned against and avoid?

7. What unhappy effects of intemperance have you lately observed or heard? of imprudence? of passion? or of any other vice or folly?

8. What happy effects of temperance? of prudence? of moderation? or of any other virtue?

9. Have you or any of your acquaintance been lately sick or wounded? If so, what remedies were used, and what were their effects?

10. Who do you know that are shortly going voyages or journies, if one should have occasion to send by them?

11. Do you think of any thing at present, in which the junto may be serviceable to mankind, to their country, to their friends, or to themselves?

12. Hath any deserving stranger arrived in town since last meeting, that you heard of? and what have you heard or observed of his character or merits? and whether think you, it lies in the power of the junto to oblige him, or encourage him as he deserves?

13. Do you know of any deserving young beginner lately set up, whom it lies in the power of the junto any way to encourage?

14. Have you lately observed any defect in the laws of your country, of which it would be proper to move the legislature for an amendment? Or do you know of any beneficial law that is wanting?

15. Have you lately observed any encroachment on the just liberties of the people?

16. Hath any body attacked your reputation lately? and what can the junto do towards securing it?

17. Is there any man whose friendship you want, and which the junto, or any of them, can procure for you?

18. Have you lately heard any member's character attacked, and how have you defended it?

19. Hath any man injured you, from whom it is in the power of the junto to procure redress?

20. In what manner can the junto, or any of them, assist you in any of your honourable designs?

21. Have you any weighty affair in hand, in which you think the advice of the junto may be of service?

22. What benefits have you lately received from any man not present?

23. Is there any difficulty in matters of opinion, of justice, and injustice, which you would gladly have discussed at this time?

24. Do you see any thing amiss in the present customs or proceedings of the junto, which might be amended?

Any person to be qualified, to stand up, and lay his hand on his breast, and be asked these questions, viz.:

1. Have you any particular disrespect to any present members?—Answer. I have not.

2. Do you sincerely declare that you love mankind in general, of what profession or religion soever?—Answer. I do.

3. Do you think any person ought to be harmed in his body, name, or goods, for mere speculative opinions, or his external way of worship?—Answer. No.

4. Do you love truth for truth's sake, and will you endeavour impartially to find and receive it yourself, and communicate it to others?—Answer. Yes.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE CHILD OF SIMPLICITY.

A fragment.

AS Billy Bloom's judgment ripened he was more and more convinced that glowing expression or lofty thought was no part of poetry. His aversion to epic poetry was incurable. He used to compare Milton to a man in a dropsy, ready every instant to burst, and yet swelled up with nothingness. The sight of Homer never failed to have the effect of an emetic on him, and he has often declared, that a man who could use a metaphor would not scruple to pick a pocket. He was enamoured with that kind of writing where chaste, obvious, and natural thoughts are expressed in a simple manner. He was fond of Virgil's eclogues, because he had imbibed an early partiality for them, although he frequently used to hint that early prejudices are not easily removed. Theocritus he liked better, but always read him in English, because he thought the very sound of the Greek language was too bold for pastoral. He had a vast collection of old ballads, but, of all authors, he most admired Shenstone. I have heard him declare that there were more simple thoughts, and more simple expressions to be found in him, than in all his collection of ballads put together. He made him his pattern, and soon had an opportunity of showing how well he could copy. This arose from his feeling a passion, in his eighteenth year, for Joan Clodpate, an apprentice to a farmer in the parish. To her he wrote a number of sonnets. What use she made of them we know not, but it is certain that she neither returned his passion, nor his songs, since we have unfortunately been able to preserve but one of them from oblivion; but that dictated by so chaste an imagination, and written with such uncommon simplicity, that it may well serve as a model for this style of composition.

THE INVITATION.

The spring it is coming on fast,
The birds they are perched on the sprays,
The wintery frosts they are past,
The shepherds are tuning their lays.

The trees they are covered with leaves,
The ground it is cheerfully green,
But still the lost Corydon grieves,
For Phillis is not to be seen.

The daisy is raising its head,
The golden-cups cover the ground;
See my herds on the meadow are spread,
See my flocks they are feeding around.

But my herds they no longer delight,
Nor my flocks can give pleasure to me,
For say, is the daisy so white?
Or the golden-cup brighter than she?

My mind it is tortur'd with doubt,
My breast is tormented with fear;
Like a madman I run all about,
And I ramble I do not know where.

I sleep not a wink all the night,
And my days they do dolefully pass,
Till I see her (oh! exquisite sight!)
Come tripping it over the grass.

Oh! say, can'st thou hear me complain,
Nor list to thy shepherd so true;
Oh! come, and give life to the swain,
Who now is a-dying for you.

No hurt my sweet Phillis shall ail,
By Venus the goddess I vow,
For whilst I am holding the pail,
Why—she shall be milking her cow.

This conclusion is beautifully chaste, and bespeaks all the pure simplicity of infant innocence! But we are told that Phillis did not see the force of it. We cannot suppose that his mistress was any great judge of classical purity; but as a famous ancient would not tell a lie in jest, so Mr. Bloom would not write incorrectly to an apprentice girl. To this delicacy are we indebted for the preservation of this poem; for although it seems simplicity itself, yet on revisal he thought *exquisite*, in the third line of the sixth stanza, too bold an expression, and not being able to find one more simple, he put the poem in despair into his desk, where I found it on his decease, and preserved it, notwithstanding his imitating Virgil, by desiring, that, like the Æneid, it might be committed to the flames.

Before he had been of five months standing at college he had an opportunity of displaying his poetical knowledge. The president receiving a new edition of Addison, presented the book to the college. Bloom, perusing that celebrated simile of the angel in the campaign, when he came to this line,

"Rides *in* the whirlwind, and directs the storm,"

scratched out the *in*, and substituted an *on*. Immediately the whole college divided themselves into two parties, who were long known by the name of the *inns* and *onns*. The *inns* alledged, that the whirlwind forming a vortex, must of course draw into its centre any matter in its way; and the angel being matter, must of course be sucked *in* by the whirlwind. The *onns* advanced, that the angel could not be supposed a mass of heterogeneous matter, but, being a light airy spirit, could not be sucked into a mass of thicker consistence than itself, and therefore must naturally and physically be conveyed *on* the *surface* of the whirlwind. Amidst this whirlwind in the college, Bloom walked about as unconcerned as the angel in dispute. He never condescended to advance any arguments on his side; and, whenever attacked on that head by his opponents, was content to answer, "*Crede, mihi periculo.*"

Mr. Bloom, about his twenty-seventh year, fell again in love; but, meeting still with ill success, he formed the desperate resolution of entering into the militia. Inflamed with this idea, he composed the two first stanzas of the following copy of farewell verses; but, being informed that the lady did not entirely despise his simplicity, he altered his resolution, which is elegantly pointed out to us in the two concluding stanzas, worthy of remark, that, though written at two different periods of time, it has all the connection and regularity generally to be met with in compositions of this nature.

By the side of crystal fountains,
Soft I lie, reclin'd at ease,
Tow'ring rocks and tow'ring mountains,
Where's the nymph my soul can please?

Rise, ye rivers! Oh, my Phillis!
Murmur, waves, upon the shore;
Haste to arms, cries great Achilles;
Oh! I ne'er shall see thee more.

Lo! the vines entwine the elm, oh!
Oh, the pleasures of the grove!
Let me then embrace my Helen, oh!
Virtue yields the palm to love.

Hence, stern war, the herds are lowing,
Off, then, every gloomy care;
See! my soul with joy o'erflowing,
Where art thou, oh! Phillis, where?

Mr. Bloom carried his love for simplicity so far, that it ruled him even in the necessary appetites. He was so immoderately fond of sweetmeats, that he has often declared to me, that he never passed by the gateway of Sion-house, but it gave him so great a longing for white gingerbread, that he was obliged to cure it at the first confectioner's he came to. I asked him how he could resist the rage for barley sugar, when he saw the new pillars at Drury-lane? But he replied, with some warmth, that no man of taste could like barley sugar, for the *colouring* destroyed the simplicity.

Mr. Bloom was determined to show his taste in *improvements*. He purchased a small farm, which had been prettily laid out; but Mr. Bloom, by destroying the garden, permitting the weeds to grow, and by other means, which fell of their own accord into this anticlimax in the scale of *improvement*, restored it to such a state of nature, that you could find no vestiges of the art and expence that had been made use of in its reduction to simplicity. He published an account of his villa, and in page 28th he says, "Crossing the duck-pond on a plank, you have the dunghill full in view, tufted with toad stools, and so naturally scattered as to hide the appearance of art. On the left is the hog-stye, emblossomed in a grove of nettles." This, however, he afterwards converted into the Temple of Simplicity.

For the Literary Magazine.

SPRINGFIELD BRIDGE, IN CONNECTICUT.

THIS bridge is one of the best of its kind in America; combining elegance and neatness, with strength and durability.

Its length is	1234 feet.
Breadth	30
Height from low water	40

It consists of six arches, supported by two abutments and five piers of stone, the piers twenty-five feet in heighth from low water mark; each in breadth twenty-one feet, and in length up and down the stream sixty-two feet. Each pier and abutment contains about two thousand tons of stone.

At the distance of eighty rods above the bridge, are erected two guard piers, or ice-breakers: the stone wrought into these, when connected with those which are sunk about the piers of the bridge, for their security, and those contained in the piers and abutments themselves, make an aggregate of eighteen thousand tons.

The length of the curve of each arch, is one hundred and eighty-seven feet, the chord one hundred and eighty.

This bridge is so constructed with frames upon each pier, connected by long timbers with the arches, that the traveller passes over nearly the whole extent of it, on an elevated plane, affording a view of extensive landscapes, in which are blended, well cultivated fields, pleasant villages, rivers, and meadows; lofty mountains, and indeed a wildness and variety in the beauties of nature, which is highly gratifying to the eye.

The master builder was Mr. Jonathan Wallcott, of Windham, in Connecticut. The piers and stone work were done under the superintendance of Mr. Israel Reed, of Harvard, in the county of Worcester.

For the Literary Magazine.

BLACK BEARD.

THERE are few persons, who reside on the Atlantic coasts and rivers of North America, who are not familiar with the name of Black Beard, whom traditionary history represents as a pirate, who acquired immense wealth in his predatory

voyages, and was accustomed to bury his treasures in the banks of creeks and rivers. For a period as low down as the American revolution, it was common for the ignorant and credulous to dig along these banks, in search of hidden treasures; and impostors found an ample basis, in these current rumours, for schemes of delusion. Black Beard, though tradition says a great deal more of him than is true, was yet a real person, who acquired no small fame by his maritime exploits, during the first part of the eighteenth century. Among many authentic and recorded particulars concerning him, the following account of his death may gratify curiosity:

From the nature of Black Beard's position, in a sloop of little draught of water, on a coast abounding with creeks, and remarkable for the number and intricacy of its shoals, with which he had made himself intimately acquainted, it was deemed impossible to approach him in vessels of any force. Two hired sloops were therefore manned from the Pearl and Lime frigates, in the Chesapeake, and put under the command of lieutenant Maynard, with instructions to hunt down and destroy this pirate wherever he should be found. On the 17th of November, in the year 1718, this force sailed from James River, and in the evening of the 21st came to an inlet in North Carolina, where Black Beard was discovered at a distance, lying in wait for his prey. The sudden appearance of an enemy, preparing to attack him, occasioned some surprise; but his sloop mounting several guns, and being manned with twenty-five of his desperate followers, he determined to make a resolute defence; and, having prepared his vessel over night for action, sat down to his bottle, stimulating his spirits to that pitch of phrenzy by which only he could rescue himself in a contest for his life. The navigation of the inlet was so difficult, that Maynard's sloops were repeatedly grounded in their approach, and the pirate, with his experience of the soundings, possessed considerable advantage in manœuvring, which enabled him, for some time, to maintain a running fight. His vessel, however, in her turn, having at length grounded, and the close engagement becoming now inevitable, he reserved her guns to pour in a destructive fire on the sloops as they advanced to board him. This he so successfully executed, that twenty-nine men of Maynard's small number were either killed or wounded by the first broadside, and one of the sloops, for a time, disabled. But notwithstanding this severe loss, the lieutenant persevered in his resolution to grapple with his enemy, or perish in the attempt. Observing that his own sloop, which was still fit for action, drew more water than the pirate's, he ordered all her ballast to be thrown out, and, directing his men to conceal themselves between decks, took the helm in person, and steered directly aboard of his antagonist, who continued inextricably fixed on the shoal. This desperate wretch, previously aware of his danger, and determined never to expiate his crimes in the hands of justice, had posted one of his banditti, with a lighted match, over his powder magazine, to blow up his vessel in the last extremity. Luckily, in this design, he was disappointed, by his own ardour and want of circumspection: for, as Maynard approached, having begun the encounter at close quarters by throwing upon his antagonist a number of hand grenadoes, of his own composition, which produced only a thick smoke, and conceiving that, from their destructive agency, the sloop's deck had been completely cleared, he leaped over her bows, followed by twelve of his men, and advanced upon the lieutenant, who was the only person then in view; but the men instantly springing up to the relief of their commander, who was now furiously beset, and in imminent danger of his life, a violent contest ensued. Black Beard, after seeing the greater part of his men destroyed at his side, and receiving himself

repeated wounds, at length, stepping back to cock a pistol, fainted with the loss of blood, and expired on the spot. Maynard completed his victory, by securing the remainder of these desperate wretches, who were compelled to sue for mercy, and a short respite from a less honourable death at the hands of the executioner.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE SACRED AND PROFANE WRITERS COMPARED.

I HAVE been much pleased with the perusal of a work lately published in Europe, the intention of which is to exhibit parallel sentiments and images in the holy scriptures, and in the Greek and Roman writers. It was written by the late Rev. Mr. Bulkley, an eminent dissenting minister, in pursuance of a conviction which he took peculiar delight in cherishing: that the moral and religious truths contained in the scriptures, are congenial with the feelings of all pure and enlightened minds. By depicting this harmony between the light of nature and of revelation, the pious author intended to enforce upon the minds of readers, not unprejudiced, the stability and universality of those principles to which the christian revelation has lent a new and powerful sanction. The following passages are taken from this book, and will probably please, as well as inform, many of your graver readers.

" Exod. xx. 17. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man servant, nor his maid servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's."

" A good man," says Philemon, " will not covet another man's wife, nor his house, nor his man servant, nor his maid servant, nor his horses, nor his oxen, nor any of his cattle; in a word, not so much as a single needleful of thread belonging to another man."

" Ps. xiv. 1. The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

" The iniquitous and unjust man, says Hierocles, wishes there may be no God, that he may escape punishment. In Aur. Carm. p. 90. Needham."

" Ps. cxxxix. 8. If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there."

" You are never overlooked," says Plato, " by the divine judicature, whether you are so diminutive as to sink into the depth of the earth, or whether you be so lofty as to mount up to heaven. De Legibus, lib. x. ap. Select. Dial. § 16. p. 224."

" Prov. iii. 16. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour."

" A good man," says Martial, " lengthens out his space of life; and that he lives his days twice over, who can look back upon them with pleasure."

" Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi vir bonus: hoc est
Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.
Lib. x. ep. xxiii.

——— Quæ tibi nunc meritorum præmia solvam?
Quas referam grates? parcarum fila tenebo,
Extendamque colos. —— ——
Statii Sylv. iii. Hercul. Surrent.

" How shall I reward your merits? Or how express my thanks? Why, I'll lengthen out your thread of life."

" Prov. xiv. 14. A good man shall be satisfied from himself."

" A good life," says Aristotle, " needs no appendix, but has pleasure included within itself, nor is there any good man, who does not enjoy and rejoice in his own good actions. Ethic. Nicom. lib. i. cap. viii. p. 29, 30."

" Eccles. xii. 7. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

" We men," says Phocylides, " live here but a little while; the soul, however, immortal, and knowing no old age, lives for ever."

" Ast illum amplexæ pietas virtusque ferebant
Leniter ad terras corpus. Jam spiritus olim
Ante Jovem, et summis apicem sibi poscit in astris.
Thebaid. lib. x."

" Matth. v. 39. But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."

" If," says Epictetus, lib. iii. chap. xxvi. p. 359, 360, " you have a laden ass, and any one, a soldier, for instance, would take it from you, let him have it, make no murmuring or resistance."

" Ibid. p. 370, 371, speaking of Diogenes, he says, if you had a mind to take away any of his property, he would let you have it, rather than go after you to get it back again. In like manner, if you would deprive him of his friends, or banish him his country, he would be still resigned. Yet would this man never desert his true progenitors the gods, or his genuine country."

" Aristotle, in his Ethics, lib. v. cap. ix. p. 232, observes, that if a man be more liberal to others than indulgent to himself, he becomes his own injurer; which, says he, is no uncommon practice with men of well-regulated tempers; the good man easily parting from his own right."

" And Plato, in his Gorgias, Op. ed. Basil. p. 317. bott. 318. top, expressly says, If any man strike thee on the cheek, do not revenge it; but take my advice, and let the matter rest."

" And again, ibid. p. 326, middle, to be struck unjustly upon the cheek is no such mighty shame, the shame is in the striker."

" Matth. v. 44. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

" Demosthenes, de Coron. § 55. ed. Ox. p. 112, speaks of it as what would redound highly to the honour of the Athenian people, if, forgetting all mutual injuries that might have passed, they were to send help to the Thebans."

" His antagonist, Æschines, makes it to be one of the best lessons we can possibly learn, not to remember injuries. In Ctesiph, § 71. p. 113."

" It was a maxim with the sect of Hegesiacs, (vide Aristip. Diogen. Laert. lib. ii. Vit. p. 82. ed. Stephan.) that you are not to hate the offender, but to teach him, by your own example, better manners."

" Socrates, Apol. sub. fin. tells his accusers and judges, that though they were very far from meaning him that good, which he supposed would accrue to him from his death, but, on the contrary, meant his hurt, yet he could assure them, that he bore them no ill-will."

" And in the Crito, he is made to say, that we ought not to revenge, nor to do ill to any man, how much soever he may have injured us. Select. Dial. p. 60."

" Aristotle, in his Ethics, lib. iv. cap. iii. p. 169, 170, makes it the mark of a great and noble mind, not to remember injuries, but to forget and overlook them."

" Matth. v. 46. For, if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?"

" He," says Aristotle, in his Ethics, lib. viii. cap. xiii. p. 377, " that gives upon the expectation of receiving as much, or more, in return, is more properly to be looked upon as a lender than as a giver. But," says he, ibid. " that which constitutes the true worth and virtue of the act, is for a man to do good without regard had to any advantages, that may be from thence accruing to himself."

" Matth. vii. 12. Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets."

" This is a maxim frequently occurring among the writers of the ancient heathen world.

" We have it in Homer, Odyss. lib. v. ver. 188—191. I persuade

you to nothing, which I would not persuade myself to, were I in your case; for my mind is fair and ingenuous, and my heart compassionate and tender, nor made of iron."

"In Herodotus, lib. iii. No. xcv. p. 136. the language is, What I blame in my neighbour, I will, to the utmost of my power, take care myself to avoid. And again, lib. vii. No. clxxxv. p. 269. bot. 270. top, what he blames in them he will not do himself."

"So in Polybius, Put yourself in my place, and say, What is to be done? Lib. xv. p. 255. bot. ed. Basil."

"Be such," says Isocrates, ad Demonicum, "to your parents, as you would wish your children to be to you. P. 4. ed. Op. Steph. et ib. p. 6. You will then govern your anger, if you treat the delinquent in the same manner as you would wish to be yourself treated in the like case."

"And in his Panegyric, p. 57. ib. top, speaking of the ancient magistrates of Athens and Lacedæmon, he mentions it to their praise, That they were far from behaving insolently in their office, but treated those who were subject to their authority in the same manner as they themselves would wish to be treated by their superiors."

"And Aristotle, in his Politics, lib. vii. cap. ii. p. 438. ed. Francof. speaks in the severest terms of those who expect to be treated justly and handsomely themselves, and yet are not ashamed to trample upon all justice in their transactions with others."

"Whatever the law admits," says one of the pleaders in Quintilian, Declam. ccli. end. p. 24. "that you think is presently and without hesitation to be done, and catch with the greatest eagerness at every thing in it, that is the most cruel and severe: but, would you have liked such a disposition in the young woman, when you lay at her feet imploring your life? Quicquid asperrimum leges — voluisses animum talem fuisse puellæ."

"Simplicius, in Epictetus, cap, xxxvii. p. 183. ed. Londin. "makes it to be one of the rules of friendship, That you are to treat your friend in the same manner as you desire to be treated by him."

"Very remarkable is the respect that was paid to this maxim of our Saviour, by the emperor Severus, which, he said, he heard from some Jews or Christians. He often repeated it with a loud voice, and would sometimes order it to be pronounced by a public officer, as an objurgatory memento, on account of some injurious conduct chargeable upon one or another of those about him. And so much was he taken with it, as to order it to be inscribed upon the walls of his palace, and of other public buildings.

"John viii. 34—36. Jesus answered them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whosoever committeth sin, is the servant of sin, &c."

"No man," says Epictetus, lib. iv. cap. vi. p. 402. "has power over me. I am God's free man: I have got the knowledge of his commands: henceforth no man can bring me into subjection."

"Rom. ii. 14. For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves."

"As to what is to be done, and what is not to be done, who is there," says Epictetus, "that does not come into the world with an implanted idea and notion of it? Lib. ii. cap. xi. sub init."

"Qua lege? Quo jure? Eo, quod Jupiter ipse sanxit, ut omnia, quæ reipublicæ salutaria essent legitima et justa haberentur. Est enim lex nihil aliud, nisi recta et a numine deorum tracta ratio, imperans honesta, prohibens contraria. Ciceron. Philippic. xi. ed. Freigii. tom. iii. p. 647."

"By what law? By what right? By that which Jove himself has constituted and established; that every thing salutary to the public should have the character of lawful and just. For the law is nothing else, but that right reason, which we have derived from a divine council and

will, commanding those things that are honest and praise-worthy, and forbidding the contrary."

"Rom. xii. 21. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

"Think it," says Isocrates, "alike base and dishonourable to be overcome by the malice and ill-usage of your enemies, and be outdone by your friends in generosity and kindness. Ad Demonicum. No. xvii. Op. 7."

For the Literary Magazine.

THE CHARACTER AND PRIVATE LIFE OF NECKER, BY HIS DAUGHTER, MADAME DE STAEL.

HAD Mr. Necker been only an obscure citizen of Geneva, had he not passed his life amid all the seductions of France, all those struggles of interest which give birth to glory and power, still as a private character he must have been the astonishment of all his near observers; but what does not such a character inspire, when we behold it, emerging in all its purity, mildness, and delicacy, from the tempests of public life, from situations which offered every opportunity to an unbounded ambition, from a career, in short, which would have engendered a thousand strong and vindictive passions, a thousand harsh and callous sentiments, in the greater part of mankind!

It was at the age of fifteen that my father arrived at Paris, with a very limited fortune, which his parents intended he should improve by trade. Since that period he has not only been his own guide in the world, but has founded that fortune which has been the support of his whole family; such as we are, we all owe to him whatever we possess; happiness, fortune, fame, all those brilliant advantages which attended my early years, are debts to my father; and even at this moment, when I have lost every thing, it is in continually invoking him, in recalling, every hour, his image, that I still derive strength to fulfil a few duties, and bring myself to speak of him.

Nearly twenty years elapsed between his arrival at Paris and his marriage, and, during that time, his habitual application was such, that he enjoyed few of the pleasures of life. Sometimes, in chattering with me in his retirement, he retraced this period of his life, the remembrance of which deeply affected me; a period when I pictured him to myself so young, so amiable, and so lonely! when it appeared to me that our destiny might have united us, had fate made us cotemporary*. The study and practice of commerce had unfolded in Mr. Necker the faculties and information requisite for the great offices he has since filled; but the talents of a writer, which he possessed so eminently, was not nourished by the life he led for five and twenty years. Is it not unexampled, that the first of calculators, a man whose works on finance have become classical, should, at the same time, be one of the most distinguished prose writers in France, for the brilliancy and grandeur of his imagination? This union of opposite qualities has many other instances in the character of Mr. Necker, and it may be considered as marking a superior being; for those qualities, which are formed at the expence of each other, have not the stamp of true greatness; a feeble tree may throw all its sap into one shoot, but the oak of the forest can disperse its vigour to all its branches, and its shadow is deep and extensive.

There is scarcely a merchant of consequence in Europe who is ignorant of Mr. Necker's sagacity in business, though he always decided against his interest in all circumstances admitting of the smallest doubt. He has often told me, that he might have made an immense

* What an idea to enter the imagination of a daughter!

fortune if he had not early quitted trade, and if he could have impressed himself with the idea that very great wealth would have made him very happy. "It has never been my lot," he has told me often, "to covet ardently either money, reputation, or power; for had I been passionately devoted to either of these objects, the means of attaining them were at hand." My father had that elevated sensibility which is incompatible with an ardent ambition for any of the good things of this world; he thirsted only for glory; there is something aerial in glory, which seems to form, as it were, the shadowy boundary between the thoughts of heaven and those of the earth.

It was in the sittings of the India Company that the superiority of Mr. Necker's genius first made itself known: he made several extempore addresses, and, on this occasion, as on many others, he spoke very forcibly whenever he was warmly interested, whenever a nervous thought, and, above all, a lofty sentiment animated him; but even to the close of his life I have seen him evince great timidity. I have seen his noble countenance redden when he particularly attracted attention by some recital, of which the grace of his expressions or of his pleasantry constituted the chief merit; his powers and self-possession were conspicuous only in encountering difficulties worthy of his strength. His greatness encreased with circumstances; he was proud with the powerful; he drew resolution from danger; he possessed at once the noblest pride and the truest modesty; nobody could more effectively oppose injustice with all the dignity of conscious rectitude: but in the midst of his friends, or in examining his own heart, he was always comparing himself with his notions of every kind of perfection; and my life has been spent in pleading, when we conversed, against his self-distrust, against those imaginary reproaches which he applied to occasions where he had displayed most of talents or of virtue. Such had been his character from his earliest youth. In beginning with a sketch of that part of my father's life which preceded both my birth and my intimacy with him, I must be often allowed to recall the latter years, during which I so well knew him: a perfect unity characterized the life of Mr. Necker; his youth resembled his age, his prosperity was like his adversity; the whole of his existence was illumined by the same ray, the same respect for morals and religion directed his fate, and I am persuaded I know as well as his cotemporaries what he was at thirty, because he was the same at sixty.

From his youth he anticipated experience by reflection, and he is indebted to the purity of his mind for preserving his imagination and his sensibility in his decline. He married about twenty years after his arrival at Paris; he chose a woman of perfect virtue, and of highly cultivated mind, born of parents in every way respectable, but whom the repeal of the edict of Nantes had deprived of all the property their family possessed: thus my father a second time created every thing around him. From the moment of his marriage to that of his death, the thought of my mother has been the ruling one of his life. His attention to his wife's happiness was not that of public men in general; it was not by a few distant actions, which, it is said, is all that is due to the subordinate condition of women; it was by the constant expression of the most tender and delicate sentiments. My mother, who was ardent in all her affections, would have been very miserable had she only made what is commonly called an excellent match; had she been united with a man merely good, merely generous; it was necessary she should find in the heart of her best friend that sublime sensibility which belongs only to superior minds, and which a superior mind almost always destroys, by inspiring far other desires and pro-

pensities than belong to domestic life: she wanted a single being; she has found him, she has past her life with him. God has spared her the misfortune of surviving him: peace and respect to her ashes! she had a greater claim to be happy than her daughter.

A short time after my father's marriage, he was appointed ambassador of the republic of Geneva, at Paris. In accepting this employment he refused its usual emoluments; from that time he seems to have made it a system to accept no kind of remuneration for any office. When he was minister of state he was accused of pride, because he was the first instance of a minister in France, or perhaps any where else, who refused the great emoluments attached to this place, and applied his own fortune to support the appearance it required. No pride prompted my father to adopt this resolution; but, called upon by his love of order, and by the bad condition of the finances of France to suppress many employments, to reduce many pensions, he could not bear that any one, whose fortune he had diminished, should draw comparisons between the gains of the minister with the loss to which this very minister subjected others; he felt himself encouraged in the reform of abuses, by having himself given the example of disinterestedness.

What has always peculiarly struck me in my father was, that there was no effort in any thing he did; when he made the greatest sacrifices, they were so spontaneous, that he himself was always, and others were sometimes, insensible of much of their merit. There was no struggle; no repugnance; you were induced to conceive like him that he could not act otherwise than he did. The king was at first astonished at Mr. Necker's refusal to accept wages for his services; but in the end the king was so well accustomed to it, that Mr. Necker was named minister a second and a third time, without any question arising on the subject.

The same qualities in different lights often recur in the life of my father; there was so much simplicity in his manner of conferring benefits on others, that many forgot them; there is a certain delicacy of conduct and expression to ordinary men not always proportioned to their sagacity, and, with many people, that which is not told them they cannot understand.

My mother was proud: she had brought no portion to my father, and if she had been united with a man of ordinary delicacy, she had never made use of his fortune but with the most irksome constraint. My father transferred to her all that he possessed the moment he engaged in public affairs, not wishing, he said, to have any other occupation than his duty to the nation. And so effectually did he persuade my mother that he thought no more of his fortune, and that every care relative to it was irksome to him, that in the end she considered herself its sole mistress. What is usually called delicacy, is in offering, in bestowing, in inviting the disposal of what is offered: what refinement, what inspiration of mind must not Mr. Necker have possessed to study the appearance of faults that did not belong to him, to contribute to his wife's enjoyments! She often rallied him on his pretended incapacity for detail, and, since her death, he has resumed an uninterrupted attention to those very details which he affected to detest.

Panchaud, a man who disliked my father, has made a remark on him, which seems to me to characterize, in some respects, the history of his life. "Mr. Necker," says he, "has devoted twenty years to fortune, twenty years to ambition and glory, detaching himself entirely from all considerations of fortune, and many years to retirement, renouncing active life entirely." Thus to make three great parts of his life, keeping the habits of one

from all influence over the other, without discovering as a defect in one situation what was a useful quality in the other, is, I think, a proof of remarkable elevation of character, and strength of mind.

Mr. Necker, a protestant and Genevan, met with some obstacles in arriving at the first places of the French monarchy; but his reputation, and talents for captivating those he wished to please, obtained him the distinction, without example for a foreigner and a protestant, of being appointed in the first place minister, and afterwards, on his recal, counsellor of the king. The eulogy of Colbert, and the work on the Legislation and Commerce of Grain, had impressed a great idea of Mr. Necker's talents for administration; and Mr. de Maurepas, who, in his conferences with him, had been struck with his superiority, procured his appointment as director of the royal treasury in 1777, at a moment when the finances of France necessitated a deviation from the ordinary road of favour, and demanded a recourse to the aid of genius.

It has been said that Mr. Necker was unacquainted with mankind, because he has always sought to guide them by reason and morality, and because since the French revolution many people are disposed to fancy a silliness in this mode of conduct; but I can say with certainty that it was from no exaggerated estimation of mankind in general, but from a scrupulous respect for Virtue, that he has never deviated from the principles she imposes. He was perfectly acquainted with politics, and had much more keenness of mind than was necessary for artifice and intrigue. It was impossible more sagaciously or promptly to penetrate the character of those he had to deal with. In many passages of the works of Mr. Necker may be perceived a great knowledge of the human heart, and sometimes even a satirical turn in the manner of painting and of judging; no person who has lived with my father will contradict me, when I affirm that this man, disarmed by his goodness, by his scruples, and by his delicacy, would have been very formidable, if, making the most of his talents, of his address, and the rapidity of his perceptions, he had committed himself to deceit or corruption: at a glance, or a quarter of an hour's conversation with a man, he formed the justest idea of him, the most pointed idea, I may say, because it was particular, because the most subtle remarks led him to the most certain conclusions; and he surprised the characters of men in imperceptible, involuntary, undefinable movements, to which art would be blind, and which nature reserves for the discoveries of genius. My father wrote some comedies in his youth, which contain much comic strength, and this comic strength always supposes a great knowledge of the human heart; he had then an idea of getting them represented, but business prevented him. He has often told me since, that, if he had given those pieces to the theatre, the course of his life would have been altogether changed, for in France they never would have chosen for a minister of state a man who had written comedies, which consisted only in scenes of pleasantry and strong humour, however excellent in their kind. It is singular that a man, the most majestic in his style, the most serious in his sentiments, had, when he pleased, a sort of gaiety so original and striking, that it would have excited laughter in an assembly, even of the lower classes; this whim seemed to me so engaging, that I was once tempted to publish these plays; but I have never felt myself in the temper to prepare the work.

I have said that Mr. Necker was successful in captivating all those he was desirous of pleasing; and if he had not sometimes given way to a distaste to the active and limited concerns of real life, his influence on mankind would have been much

greater. As a simple representative of the republic of Geneva he had excited such an affection in Choiseul, then prime minister of France, that the government of Geneva having once designed to send a man of repute to conduct a particular treaty with Choiseul, the latter wrote to Mr. Necker, "Tell your Genevans, that their envoy extraordinary shall not set his foot in my house, and that I will have nothing to do with any one but you."

My father told me that this first success of his political life was what gave him the most lively pleasure. When speaking of himself, and of the emotions of ambition or of self-love which he had experienced, he was always interesting, because imagination blended with all his impressions, and he was successively wearied with every thing he had obtained; not from a desire of obtaining more, but from that sensibility which human events can never satisfy.

Maurepas found two conversations sufficient to determine him to propose Mr. Necker for director of the royal treasury. During a very short illness of Maurepas, my father transacted business alone with the king for the first time, and obtained from him the appointment of the marechal de Castries as minister of the marine. De Castries was a man generally esteemed, but the king had little knowledge of him, and an hour before he saw my father on the subject, he had no thought of appointing him. This instance of the credit my father had acquired with the king in so short a time, became the principal cause of the jealousy of Maurepas against him. The queen, till the moment when every sentiment was envenomed by the violence of party, took unusual pleasure in my father's conversation. In short, I have always found him beloved by men of middling minds, whenever he became known to them, and by superior minds as soon as he had unfolded his talents. Men loved him in proportion to their own ideas and their own sentiments; the more they possessed in themselves, the more they discovered in him.

Mirabeau, an excellent authority in point of wit, but who will not be charged with any prejudices in favour of morality, had a conference with my father about the end of the year 1789, to engage him to get him appointed a minister. My father, in offering every homage to Mirabeau's talents, declared he could not be his colleague. My strength, said he to Mirabeau, consists in morality; you have too much understanding not to feel one day the necessity of this support: till that moment arrives, the king may think proper, under present circumstances, to have you his minister, but we must not be together. On his return, Mirabeau made some notes on this conversation, which have been communicated to me, and in which he declares how much he was struck with Necker's superiority of mind.

He ordered his bust for the purpose of placing it in his country-house, where he meant to retire. I bought this bust of the statuary, of whom Mirabeau had ordered it, a short time before his death. I desired to possess this secret testimony of the real opinion of Mirabeau, when the calculations of his ambition had so often prompted him to belie it in the tribune. If I have insisted on this talent of my father's of knowing and captivating men's minds, it is because some of his superficial friends pretend that it did not belong to him, because he had always refused to submit to the principles of an immoral policy. The faculties of Mr. Necker had no other limits than his virtues, and, perhaps, it was his singular characteristic, that the keenness of his mind should have made him no stranger to the pleasure of employing skilfully the most subtle artifices, but the dignity of his mind made him always reject this species of talent with disdain.

The same sagacity which opened to him the road to fortune and to power would have perfectly quali-

fied him to discover bad means and bad ends. How many minds much inferior to his have been found masters of every artifice and trick! and among the lowest class, even those the most incapable of comprehending goodness or virtue, astonish you often by the cunning with which they conceive every thing suggested by their personal interest. No person ever succeeded in deceiving him; and such was his penetration, that it might have led him to despise mankind, had not all his sentiments been tempered and ennobled by that sublime indulgence which judges of all actions from their source, and compounds in the same sentiments of pity, ourselves and our neighbours, individuals and the species.

Mr. Necker, in the course of his first administration, had to triumph over his natural goodness, in suppressing offices which deprived many persons, not of reasonable profits, but of those, notwithstanding, which contributed greatly to the happiness of life. His administration, the main spring of which was order and economy, necessarily deprived him of all the blandishments of power; he denied himself the disposal of a single place to either relation or friend, thinking it a duty to make this sacrifice as an example and consolation to those whose places he suppressed, or whose salaries he diminished. He attended to business without relaxation from morning till night, and saw scarcely any other persons than those who came to complain of his retrenchments. My mother, on her part, devoted herself with exemplary zeal to the care of prisons and hospitals; it would be hard to say, according to the language of the world, what were the enjoyments of either, what were the honours, the fortune, the advantages of any kind which they could hope to derive from such a life; of man they sought nothing but esteem, and this my father obtained to an extent which would create astonishment.

I have in my possession a great number of letters addressed to my father and mother, by the most distinguished men in France, during twenty years, from the year 1775. One day, probably, I shall publish this collection, which alone will give an idea of the public feeling in France at that period; it will be a matter of surprise to find among them certain persons, who have since declaimed against the doubling of the *tiers etat*, and who have accused my father of being the author of it, writing to him with unusual vehemence, some to applaud this decision, others to complain that he did not make sufficient use of it for the popular cause. At the head of the enlightened and eminent men of that day, Buffon, Thomas, Marmontel, Saint Lambert, Mr. Suard, the abbé Morellet show their opinions with a moderation and independence claiming the highest respect for their character as well as wisdom; and Mr. and Mrs. Necker have ever, by their thoughts or by their actions, preserved their connection with the sacred league which then existed for the honour and welfare of France.

This collection also contains letters from the most distinguished foreigners of that time, prince Henry, Mr. de Carriacoli, lord Stormont, &c.

The regulations established by Mr. Necker in the provinces prepared all orders of the state for insight into the administration. The suppression of the right of *main-morte*, the easing of most of the taxes which fell particularly on the people, all these benevolent views, for the first time realized, impressed with admiration and gratitude the enlightened class, as well as the class aggrieved, those who loved the public good, and those who felt it. Still the wounds of personal interest, the jealousy of Maurepas, and the cupidity of certain courtiers, secretly excited against Necker libels of an odious nature. My mother, from feeling them too sensibly, gave them too much importance in the eyes of my father. He has since

made it a rule to read none, and his attention has not been degraded by the miserable trash, the falsehood of which was better known to its authors than even to its readers; but my mother's grief, omnipotent in its influence on the heart of her husband, disturbed him, in spite of himself. Unknown to Necker, she wrote to Maurepas, to request he would withdraw his countenance, either direct or indirect, towards the libellists of Necker; and this imprudent step, by instructing Maurepas in their susceptibility to any thing that endangered the public estimation, taught him, at the same time, the most certain means of wounding them. It is very necessary to keep from our enemies the knowledge of what may hurt us; but women seldom allow themselves to be guided by this reflection. They seem to think it enough to say to those who hate them, "You give me uneasiness," in order to disarm them: political relations are of a sterner kind, and my father soon found out the fault which my mother had committed.

Maurepas, and many others about the court, who were affected by Necker's severe economy, secretly excited fresh libels against him; my father never required the punishment of their authors; many of them even possessed places in his gift, whom he kept in their situations; but in order to contend with success against his ever increasing enemies, he was desirous of some dazzling mark of the king's satisfaction: such was his place in the council, which was afterwards granted him. His demand led the way to discussion, which the enemies of Necker found means to envenom; he offered his resignation, and it was accepted.

My father bitterly reproached himself afterwards that he had not borne the disgust he experienced, for the sake of accomplishing the useful and salutary projects he had conceived; and, in fact, there is every probability, that, if he had then remained in administration, he would have prevented the revolution, by preserving order in the finances. It will be inconceivable at this moment, when long political agitations have successively sullied every reputation in France, how libels could be a matter of surprise to any minister twenty years ago; but it is nevertheless true, that in a country where the liberty of the press did not exist as in England, and where public opinion had acquired an astonishing moral influence, every thing tending to bring a stain on reputation deserved the greatest attention; besides, my father's power consisted almost entirely in his character; and the respect he had inspired would have been diminished had he been found to bear patiently outrages secretly encouraged by men in government.

How admirable was his first retreat! all France paid homage to Mr. Necker; and the French have so much animation, zeal, and so much grace in doing homage to unmerited adversity! The king of Poland, the king and queen of Naples, the emperor Joseph II, invited Mr. Necker to the direction of their revenue; he refused them all, from that affection for France, then his ruling passion, and to his last moments the principal concern of his life. In his retreat he wrote his work on the Administration of the Finances, which made the fortunes of three or four booksellers, sold to the extent of a hundred thousand copies, and is at this moment considered as the only classical work in France on the subject of administration.

Calonne, in 1787, convoked the assembly of the notables, and in his opening speech attacked the veracity of Mr. Necker's *compte rendu*. It is easy to suppose that a man of Mr. Necker's character must have repelled an assertion so injurious; he sent a memoir to the king, with some justificatory papers, which proved, victoriously, the exactness of the *compte rendu*. The king, when he had read it, wished to keep it to himself, and was desirous that

it should not be known; such of my father's friends as were then about the king assured him, that if he would give up the point of publishing this book, the king had determined to recal him to the administration in a short time; and, in fact, there appeared every probability, in all human calculation, that my father would not renounce the chance of again coming into office, by not yielding, under these circumstances, to the desire expressed by the king; but my father thought his honour affected by the insult publicly offered him by Calonne, and the greater the sacrifice the publication of his answer demanded, the more he thought his duty engaged to see it published. My father's strongest sentiment, in all worldly concerns, was a love of respect and glory; this sentiment he could sacrifice to virtue, but to no meaner consideration.

As soon as the king learnt that his Answer to the Speech of Calonne was published, he banished him forty leagues from Paris, by a letter de cachet. I was then very young; a banishment, a letter de cachet, appeared to me the most cruel act that could be committed: I uttered cries of despair, and could not conceive a greater misfortune. All the society of Paris, whom soft manners and a long period of peace had not accustomed to the sight of sufferings, came in crowds to my father, and publicly expressed their indignation at his exile. My father alone judged of the king in these circumstances as he deserved; he repeated that he had just reason to be dissatisfied at his not having submitted to his wishes, and he has since often mentioned, as a proof of the clemency of Louis XVI, the lenity of his anger in this instance. An exile to the distance of forty leagues from Paris was the result of his first emotion: four months afterwards he put an end to this exile, and in a short time after, on the 25th of August, 1788, he recalled Mr. Necker to administration.

At this time he had just published his work on the Importance of Religious Opinions. Is not this work a great proof of the tranquillity of his mind, under circumstances which, in an ambitious man, should have created most agitation? Men of the world have often written on religious retirement, in the decline of life, when their only futurity was eternity; but it is very rare that, in an interval of suspense from administration, in the midst of all the vicissitudes of such a situation, a statesman should have devoted himself to a work having no immediate relation to the affairs of government, to a work which will prove his glory with posterity, and which contributed nothing to his temporal interests. On the contrary, Mr. Necker exposed himself, by this work, to the loss of some of his partizans of a very distinguished class, for he was the first, and the only one, among great writers, who at that time pointed out the tendency of irreligion. Mr. Necker contended without any assistance against this fatal propensity; he contended, not with that detestation for philosophy which amounts only to a change of arms in the same hands, but with that noble enthusiasm for religion, without which reason has no guide, and imagination no object, without which, in fine, virtue herself is without charms, and sensibility without a source.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE IVIZAN COTTAGER.

WHEN we read the account which travellers give of the mode of living among savages, and even among the class of peasantry in civilized nations, we are prompted to exclaim, How little is necessary to human sustenance! When we hear described the habitation of a single room, whose floor is the damp bare

earth; whose roof is straw or moss; eight or ten feet high, and ten or twelve in diameter; where the fire is kindled in the middle; whose smoke finds no other outlet, and whose light finds no other entrance, than the door-way; we can scarcely credit the tale. Our credulity is still more shocked, when it is added, that these mansions frequently swarm with young children, who are plump, buxom, and robust. If our own education has been soft and delicate, our minds are crowded with the numberless wants and perils which are incident to matrimonial life, to children and their mothers, and are at a loss to conceive how these destitute wretches are able to exist, or to preserve their progeny in such dreary and helpless circumstances.

In hearing these details, our first feeling is usually wonder; our next is compassion; but both these feelings finally disappear, when we come to make a sober estimate of human life, its sufferings and enjoyments; and when we come to discover that the cottager is indebted to the seeming hardships of his situation for health, long life, and hilarity. His single pot, if he be an Irish cottager, is supplied with nothing but potatoes; but this pot, if he be rich enough, is *always* supplied. The half dozen stout boys, who are skipping or tumbling about the floor, have always access to it; and enter when you may, betwixt morning and night, each one is sure to have a potatoe in his fist. This affluence of food secures unceasing cheerfulness and health to every urchin; and their days pass in one delicious alternation of sound sleep and active play.

The Spanish island of Ivica, in the Mediterranean, is the property of the house of Martello, a family not more illustrious for its antiquity and riches, than for the wisdom and generosity by which it has ever been distinguished. The present head of this family, and lord of this island, spent his early years in travelling, not to examine the vestiges of ancient architecture, or the productions of modern painting; not to analize the system of manners, or unravel the texture of intrigues; but merely to enable himself to improve the condition of those humble beings whom Providence had subjected to his will, by observing the domestic arts and agricultural practices of other nations. When his father's death opened the way to his succession, he took up his permanent abode on his estate, and bestowed all his efforts in reducing the useful knowledge he possessed to practice. It may seem low and ludicrous, to certain minds, yet, nevertheless, it is true, that Martelli considered himself bestowing the highest favour possible for him, as a human agent, to bestow on his fellow-creatures, in giving the Ivicans *the potatoe*. It was a hard matter, indeed, to persuade the people to accept his present. He had need of every argument and stimulus to vanquish their aversion to a species of food totally new to them. Example, exhortation, intreaty, menaces, and even punishments, were all employed to subdue their obstinacy, and seven or eight years elapsed before he was able fully to establish the *potatoe* in the esteem and affections of his people. Finally, however, he succeeded, and now it is a favourite part of the food of every one of his subjects, and constitutes the whole food of a very great number.

An Ivizan peasant occupies a small house, not much unlike a bee-hive in shape. It is about twelve feet wide within, and thirteen or fourteen high. It is built of unhewn stones, collected in the neighbourhood, of different shapes and sizes, but so nicely selected and skilfully adapted to each other, as to give a smooth external surface, and to form a light and compact wall, without cement. As the materials are every where abundant, and the stones seldom too large or heavy for one man to manage, to build a house equal to all the wishes of an Ivizan, and so firm as to last half a century, without needing much repair, is the task of a single man, or, at most, of two

persons, for a week. Frequent practice, or natural sagacity, gives some villagers more success than others at this business; and hence, to build houses has become a kind of separate calling or profession among them. This superior skill, however, he is bound to exercise without fee or reward; and, while he stands upon the pile, a score or two of the neighbours will assemble on a fixed day, and bring together the materials, the arrangement and position of which it is his province to superintend. Every new married couple is entitled to this kind office from their neighbours, to whom it is a certain holiday or frolick. In such cases, the habitation is completed in a day. In adjusting the stones, an aperture is left, to serve the purpose of a door, and another, near the point of the cone, as a chimney. In this mild climate, firing is scarcely necessary, at any time of the year, for personal warmth. The house is chiefly used as a nightly shelter, and the pot is boiled, when the season permits, and its contents are eaten, in the open air, beneath the shade of adjacent trees.

The flooring of these houses consists of the same sort of stones as compose the walls, adjusted with the same nicety to each other, and so as to form a suitable level. On one side, within, a kind of ledge or platform is raised above the common level of the floor, which serves the family for seats by day, and a couch by night. Such is the shelter which satisfies the fancy and ambition of the Ivizan; under which men and women contentedly pass away a peaceful and careless half century; which successively witnesses the sportive infancy and hoary age of its tenants, and resounds but rarely with any voice but that of laughter and glee.

Formerly the principal food of the country folk was maize and barley; but the strenuous efforts of the lord proprietor has substituted potatoes in their place. At present, the subsistence of the cottage, consisting of a family from five to ten persons, is derived from a field somewhat less than half an English acre. Two successive crops are annually raised from this field, in the culture of which a single hoe is employed about sixty days, taken together, in the year. The potatoes are planted at different times, so as to supply a constant and daily demand, and the provision of each day is generally taken from the ground each morning.

That effectual cultivation given by the hoe generally produces the most luxuriant crop. The benignity of the climate, and the choice allowed, within certain limits, of the most fertile spots, in a country eminently fertile, aid this beneficial culture. The ground annexed to each cottage is about three acres, over which the farmer is allowed to move his potatoe field at pleasure; so that when one portion is exhausted, he moves to another, and affords the old field time to recruit, by lying fallow, or being differently cultivated.

The clothing of the family is derived from a small field planted with cotton. Part of this cotton is spun and woven in the family, by a wheel and loom of the simplest structure, into stuffs of different kinds and textures. The produce, beyond the demands for their own clothing, is purchased at the cottage door, by agents from the town, either in the form of raw cotton, or thread, or manufactured stuff, and the price of it enables the farmer to renew his little stock of farming or family utensils, the whole value of which seldom exceeds forty rials (five dollars), but does not enable him to riot in any foreign luxury of either dress, diet, or furniture.

Though the potatoe field and cotton field are alone sufficient to supply the family with all necessary provision, a domain of *three acres* allows of many other products useful and agreeable. The chesnut-trees which shade his door produce plenty of nuts, with which he can garnish or diversify his meals. The olive-tree and rose-bush constitute

his hedges; and from these he extracts a precious oil, and aromatic water. The almond, lemon, orange, and grape, flourish in this genial climate, and his little orchards produce a luxuriant harvest of these fruits, which, either consumed at home, or sold to the merchant, considerably augment his pleasures and his comforts. A row of bee-hives supplies him with wax and honey, of the purest kind, and in a liberal measure.

This race of cottagers, or small farmers, are indebted for their existence to the lord. The land they cultivate was formerly a desert, or a forest, which was traversed by the hunter and the shepherd only. It was a sort of waste, which was reclaimed by the landlord, and divided into small farms, as above described. The excess of a population which was created by a wise and beneficent government, found these settlements provided for them, and, in the course of fifty-three years, a district, formerly unpeopled and uncultivated, became gradually studded with eleven hundred cottages, and peopled with nine thousand persons. Thus easily are mankind maintained: thus small are their demands upon their great mother Earth: and thus, in a favourable soil and climate, may the observation of the poet be realized, that *every rood of ground maintains its man.*

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE PRONUNCIATION OF GREEK AND LATIN POETRY.

THE current English mode of reciting the two noblest languages that ever adorned the earth, is in the very extreme of cacophony, barbarism, and self-contradiction. Our current mode of reading Greek and Latin may be described with tolerable accuracy to be, an application of the custom of accenting peculiar to our own language, regulated in a small degree by prosodial rules. I use the word "accent" in its modern sense, to denote the *ictus* or stress of the voice placed usually on one syllable only of a word, except that word be a very long polysyllabic one, in which case we sometimes observe two accented syllables, as "incomménsurabílity." This seems to be the base of our prevailing pronunciation; but we combine with it a partial regard to prosodial rules. Thus we accent the first syllable of a dactyl, and happy would it be if we always did so well. But if we meet with a pyrrhic, a tribrach, a cretic, a spondee, or even an iambus, we commonly do exactly the same! Does the reader revolt at this assertion, and almost determine to withhold his belief? Let him impartially consider how three scholars out of four read Horace, Virgil, and Homer, and I fear he will be compelled to admit the monstrous fact. Of all the beautiful varieties of metre in Horace, there are but four in which we produce any tolerable effect. These are, the saphic and its subjoined adonic, the dimeter iambic, and the dimeter alcaic of seven syllables.

Yet I am afraid this allowance is rather too much. As for the trochaics, the anapestics, the trimeter iambics, the choriambics, &c., and even the soaring alcaic, the plaintive pentameter, and the venerably-majestic hexameter, they are treated by us with less ceremony than the veriest refuse of Grub-street doggerel: with respect to their measure only do I mean, for their noble sentiments and happy diction penetrate and move us in spite of the obstacles which ourselves have created.

The disadvantages of our prevailing method of reading the Greek and Roman poets seem to be the following:

We do no justice to those final syllables whose natural short quantity becomes long by position, though scarcely a verse occurs without such an instance. In defiance of reason

and feeling, and what to some persons perhaps is a more cogent argument, a fundamental law of prosody, we persist in making them short; except, indeed, when the syllable in question is lengthened by an enclitic, and then, so gracious and condescending are we, as to grant to the little appendage its peaceable enjoyment of that right, which we tyrannically refuse to almost every word of dignity and consequence.

Conceding, for the present, that a syllable accented in our own vernacular method is equivalent to a long one, and is to be so considered; yet, even on this principle of our own, we strangely lengthen many syllables which we perfectly well know to be short, and shorten a still greater number of long syllables. In the first twelve verses of the first book of the Georgics, when pronounced after the vulgar method of accentuation, I have counted eleven instances of the former kind, and twenty-five of the latter, or, including the final syllable of each verse, which we almost invariably defraud of its prerogative, thirty-seven. And so arbitrary and unaccountable is our caprice, that, while we persecute with almost indelible opprobrium the man or boy who casually violates prosody in any instance which we have made fashionable to observe, we still, without scruple or remorse, commit ten false quantities in the same breath.

We scarcely ever render sensible to the ear some of the most musical feet in classical poetry. For a spondee, a pyrrhic, or even an iambus, we rarely fail to substitute our favourite trochee; and happy is the lot of a polysyllabic foot if it escapes being spoiled by dactylization. A molossus, a dispondee, or any of the epitrites, fall from our mouths robbed of their sonorous honours, and withered as in the last stage of atrophy. Often we deprive the anapest of all its melody, by shortening its final syllable, and accenting its first. The choriambus, when it falls on a single word, as it does in thousands of instances, we commonly torture into a second pæon. The same treatment we give to the fourth pæon; and, indeed, there is hardly a foot ending in a long syllable, especially if that syllable be also the final one of a word, which we do not punctually maim in that essential part.

The system of prosody itself is rendered, in a great measure, dormant and powerless. By sinking the very nature of quantity into the notion of a modern accent, and by the habitual violation of known rules, the maxims and the authority of prosody are compelled to slide into desuetude. Hence a nice attention to quantity and metres becomes rather a curiosity of literature and a mark of superior scholarship, than, what it ought ever to be considered, a matter of great practical utility.

We are deprived of the important advantage of distinguishing words and cases which are alike in orthography, but differ most widely in signification and in quantity. If their respective quantity were strongly marked in pronunciation, besides the improvement of sound, all ambiguity in construction would be prevented. In Latin, every one knows that the number of such instances is very great; and in reciting Greek, the advantage of this observance would not be trivial, though occasions occur less frequently, on account of the more ample store of vowels and dipthongs, and the greater variety of inflections, which that exquisite language possesses. Dr. Warner has, with just ridicule, yet perfect good nature, exposed various examples of false and ludicrous interpretation, arising from the common abuses of quantity. See his *Metron Ariston*, *passim*.

All practical acquaintance with the rythmus, or the melody of a just observance, disposition, and connection, of the times, is rendered impossible. Probably the difficulties which have perplexed this subject, and which have deterred many from giving to it any attention, have ori-

ginated from the neglect of real quantity in practice, more than from any other cause. *See Burgess's Appendix to Dawes*, p. 446—451. On the passage attributed to Longinus, the reader will find it worth while to compare *Metron Ariston*, p. 20, 21. The able elucidations of a learned dignitary, in his Treatise *De Rythmo Græcorum*, Ox. 1789, are not only favourable to reading according to quantity, but they satisfactorily show, that the practice ought to be extended to prose composition.

We are prevented from distinguishing clearly and audibly, the varieties of metre, to the great loss of our own pleasure, and to the injury of the poet's rights.

I do not affirm that these seven defects attach in an equal degree to all scholars who follow the common practice; but only mean to assert, that they are the genuine result of that practice; that some of them necessarily arise out of it; and that they are all found to be its most general and usual attendants.

The established method is built upon two very material errors.

The first is, that our English sense of the term *accent* is the same as the true and ancient signification of *accentus*. Our accent is a mere stress of the voice, with very little or no change of tone.* The *accentus* of the ancients probably referred to musical modulations of the voice in that kind of recitative with which they delivered poems and orations.

To this mistake we join another. We very often substitute our own accent instead of a *long time;* indeed I believe almost always, when the syllable is long by position. For instance, we scarcely ever hear a dactyl in which the first syllable is not made quite as short as either of the succeeding ones, and differs only by being accented. Frequently, indeed, the very stroke of the accent accelerates the pronunciation to such a degree, that the long syllable becomes sensibly the shortest of the three.

The consequence of this practical mistake is a hasty, huddled, mutilated pronunciation of compositions, which require perfectly opposite treatment. The genius of the Greek and Roman tongues will not comport with that of our Teutonic dialect. Instead of a rapid utterance, which crushes the vowels under the trampling succession of consonants, and an accentuation usually as smart and quick as the tap of a knocker, those melodious languages, particularly the first of them, require an enunciation characterized by the flow of sweet, sonorous vowels and diphthongs, constituting a very large proportion of truly long times.

The practice of reading by quantity is a sure method of avoiding the inconveniences enumerated, and of securing some further important advantages.

This method was recommended above two hundred years ago, by sir Adolphus à Meetkercke, in his "elegant little book," as the great president de Thou styles it, *De Veteri et Recta Linguæ Græcæ Pronuntiatione;* which the late Dr. Warner again recommended with ardent zeal and earnestness, in his valuable and entertaining *Metron Ariston;* which Dr. Carey not obscurely, though very modestly, distinguishes with his preference, in his very excellent "Latin Prosody made Easy;" which is practised by many of the first scholars on the continent; and which has been adopted by several eminent teachers in Great Britain.

This method, as simple and easy as it is excellent, consists in neither more nor less than pronouncing the words of a verse so as to give its

* It is true that the English accent is frequently placed on a long syllable, as in the words *glory, faithful, record;* from which circumstance Sheridan has grossly confounded accent with quantity, in his Lectures on Elocution. Such instances can fairly be considered as nothing more than a mere coincidence of accent with a long time.

due quantity, in real time, to every syllable.

It does not consist in breaking and splitting the words, by attending only to the feet. Bishop Horsley, in his "Essay on the Prosodies of the Greek and Latin Languages," has retailed this objection from Primatt, that the "manner of reading by quantity was rather a scanning of the verse than a reading of it." Nothing can be more erroneous, or more contrary to the express words of Meetkercke. It must, however, be admitted, that an inexperienced, heedless, or tasteless person, professing to read according to quantity, might fall into this vicious habit. But the fault may be avoided with the utmost ease, by moderate attention and care, even without the aid of Dr. Warner's proposed method for that purpose. In fact, the objection may be urged, with equal propriety, against the way in which every Englishman reads the poetry of his own tongue: and I cannot but consider the adducing of it, against the proposed method of reading classical verse, as a strong presumption in favour of the antiquity and authority of that method. An inedited work on metres, attributed to Trypho the grammarian, who was contemporary with Augustus, contains some express cautions against this vicious practice. Does not this circumstance authorize the supposition, that the mode of reading by quantity, of which the bad habit censured by Trypho is a degenerate imitation, was the approved and established practice of the Augustan age?

This method does not require that emphasis, cadence, and due pauses should be sacrificed to the observance of mere quantity. On the contrary, an attentive reader of classical poetry, endowed with sensibility and taste, will find himself possessed of some advantages from the method proposed, especially in passages possessing much pathos.

In order to pronounce according to quantity with consistency and ease, I have found it necessary to keep to the simple and uniform powers of the vowels, as they are observed by every nation in Europe except the English. Without this we shall find ourselves exceedingly perplexed, if not totally baffled, in lengthening and shortening the three first vowels, on account of the contradictory powers which they have when long and when short in the English language. Bishop Horsley strongly recommended the adoption of this improvement with regard to the Greek vowels; and the same arguments will apply to the Latin ones. By this deviation from the common powers of the English vowels, we not only secure uniformity, acquire a superior power of melody, and become intelligible to learned foreigners, but we certainly express the original sounds of those letters as enunciated in ancient Greece and Rome. Let not this be thought too bold an assertion. In its favour we may appeal to the uniform practice of those nations whose languages are little more than dialects of the Latin. But the testimony of Dionysius, who precisely describes the organic formation of each vowel and consonant, places the subject out of all question.

We shall avoid the evils attendant on the common practice, and secure the very important advantages which are opposed to them.

We shall obtain a most gratifying improvement in the melody. If any contest this, we appeal to the ancients themselves, and desire our objector to reflect on the exquisite attention which they paid to the *time* of every syllable they uttered in reciting verses, or delivering orations.

It may be hoped that so great an addition to the pleasure of reading the Greek and Roman poets will strongly excite the diligence of learners, and will prove an allurement to their pursuit of classical studies in the future and busy years of life. So powerfully was Dr. Warner impressed with this idea, that he made it the very title of his

book, *Metron Ariston; or, a New Pleasure Recommended.*

Nothing will conduce more completely to establish a habit of familiarity with the quantities of words. Hence the scholar, in reading verse, will enjoy a quick perception of its beautiful mechanism, and will acquire a ready faculty of forming a judgment on suspected readings and proposed emendations; and, if he ever attempt to write Greek or Latin poetry, he will be strongly guarded against false quantities, and will escape the drudgery of turning over incessantly his Dictionary, Thesaurus, or Gradus.

All the objections to this method which I have been able to collect, are these three:

"The labour of acquisition is more than the value of the proposed advantages." That labour is so trivial as to be unworthy of consideration by any youth who has the least literary enthusiasm. As to the value of the advantages, he that deems them small is welcome to his opinion, but he will pardon those who think differently.

"The practice will be found to have all the inconveniences of novelty and peculiarity." Readily admitted; and those inconveniences are very troublesome. But, if Dr. Warner's wishes should ever be realized, this difficulty will cease. In the mean time, it will be easy to avoid singularity, by occasional compliance with the prevailing mode; and, with retired scholars, the occasions demanding such a compliance will not very frequently occur.

Another exclaims, "I like the old, established, and approved method. It pleases and satisfies me; and therefore I beg to be excused being troubled with your new-fangled notions." This objection, I own, is unanswerable, except by the questions of the Roman orator: "Quæ est autem in hominibus tanta perversitas, ut, inventis frugibus, glande vescantur? An victus hominum Atheniensium beneficio excoli potuit? Oratio non potuit?"

X.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE GREEK AMOROUS POETS.

Spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ. HOR.

IN the earliest ages of Greece, and with the first dawn of civilization, the adoration of the gods, and the praises of heroes, the imperfect lights which a rude and a regular survey had cast upon the works of nature, the simple and unsophisticated doctrines of a morality deduced from natural reason, or founded on experience (such as it was) of the importance of the social duties which were inculcated; these were the only subjects of the muse, and were sung to unenlightened barbarians by venerable men, who combined in themselves the characters and authorities of the priest, the poet, and the philosopher. LOVE, which so universally inspires the bards of later ages as to make us naturally inclined to imagine it the earliest as well as the most extensive field of imagination and poetry, was, nevertheless, at that period, nothing but an appetite or passion, unconnected with reason, and susceptible of none of the elevation of refinement or sentiment. We have no account of any poet who devoted his talents to this gentle and alluring theme earlier than the eighth century before Christ. It afterwards became appropriated to the lyre, and appears to have pervaded the highest and most celebrated of those compositions which were particularly adapted to that ancient species of music, and derived this name from that of the instrument itself.

The number nine, from that of the muses, has always been held in particular veneration and esteem, and seems to be applied to subjects connected with poetry with some peculiar degree of aptness and propriety. Thus we have nine earthly muses, and nine lyrical poets, the diversity of whose talents appears

to be not ill expressed in several little poems on the subject still preserved. The following is by an uncertain author.

Oh, sacred voice of the Pierian choir,
Immortal Pindar! Oh, enchanting air
Of sweet Bacchylides! Oh, rapturous lyre,
Majestic graces of the Lesbian fair!

Muse of Anacreon, the gay, the young!
Stesichorus, thy full Homeric stream!
Soft elegies by Cea's poet sung!
Persuasive Ibycus, thy glowing theme!

Sword of Alcæus, that with tyrant's gore
Gloriously painted, lift'st thy point so high!
Ye tuneful nightingales that still deplore
Your Alcman, prince of amorous poesy!
Oh, yet impart some breath of heavenly fire
To him who venerates the Grecian lyre!

The poet who is last noticed was, as is here implied, the earliest on record who devoted his muse to the service of love. It may not be unamusing to give some account of this first of amorous bards.

The age of Alcman has been fixed at the 27th olympiad. The place of his birth has given occasion to a dispute among very ancient writers. The following reasons would incline me to assign him, with Suidas and others, a Spartan origin, than to believe, with Crates, Paterculus, and Ælian, that he was a native of Sardis. In the first place, he used the native dialect of Sparta; which, though he would probably have done as an adopted citizen, yet many of his works were in honour of Spartan heroes and deities, and celebrate or describe places in the neighbourhood of Sparta; and we well know that the land of our birth is the first object of veneration to the genuine poetical spirit. A poem of his is mentioned by Pausanias, in praise of Castor and Pollux. He records in it all the circumstances attending the nativity of those heroes, which he places in the little island of Pephnos, on the Laconian coast; and that this was a well-known tradition among the inhabitants appears from a very remarkable superstition among them, concerning the sacred images of the brothers kept upon that rock, which, it was believed, no tempests, nor dashing of the waves, which incessantly break over it, could ever shake from their foundations. In another poem, probably a hymn to the graces, he celebrated the temples of Phaenza and Cletæ, built to them on the banks of the little river Tiasa, which was a tributary stream to the Eurotas, or, according to the popular doctrine of the day, the daughter of that river-deity. There is a singular coincidence remarked by Bayle, which adds weight to the belief of the Spartan birth of Alcman. Another Alcman has been conjured up, a native of Messene, to whom a faulty passage in Suidas appears to have given birth. But our poet is elsewhere said to have been born at Messoa, which was the name of a suburb at Sparta. Of this second personage Suidas says nothing; it is therefore reasonable to suppose that they were the same, and that Messene is only a false reading for Messoa.

Of the life of Alcman few memoirs have reached our days. Heraclides Ponticus informs us, that he was in his youth a slave, and that his extraordinary genius procured him his freedom. His instruments were the cithara and the flute. He is reputed the inventor of music for choral dances, and the first who excluded the heroic measure from lyric poems.

The Spartans were strongly impressed with a sense of the power of music to stimulate to heroic actions, and the love of our country. The figure which Tyrtæus makes in their history is honourable to the poetical character; but it is not a solitary instance. In one of the greatest exigencies of the state, the flute of Alcman was called to animate the sinking spirits of their

warriors; and, as the experiment was repeated, we may conclude that it answered expectation, though the particular distress which occasioned it, or the victory which it procured, are unknown. He was by the ancients considered as the father of amorous poetry; though the very few lines here and there interspersed in the work of Athenæus, and which are the only vestiges of his compositions, do not enable us to judge of their peculiar nature or merits. He introduced the custom, which long maintained itself among the Greeks, of chanting love-verses at banquets and assemblies. The name of the beauty in whose honour he sung, and who was herself a votary of the muses, is preserved in a small fragment of his; and his love for her is represented to have been of the purest and most honourable kind. "Again," says the amorous poet, "has the sweet child of Venus entered my soul, and gladdened all within me. These lays a heavenly virgin has inspired, Megalostrata with the golden hair."

Unfortunately this "noble flame" did not preserve him from the influence of more sensual passion. To omit all further mention of his gallantries, and to finish this sketch, I will only add, that he was immoderately addicted to the pleasures of the table, as sufficiently appears from the fragments of his writings.

The Spartans were not insensible of the merits of the poet who had softened their unmusical tongue, and raised it to superior elegance and melody. They erected a tomb for him near the temple of Helen, in the suburb Sebrius, one of the most honourable places in the city, from its neighbourhood to the grove of plane-trees, in which the first of their games were celebrated. In the "Anthologia" we find him mentioned as "the poet of the graces, the singer of hymeneals." In the epigrammatic style, the traveller is warned, when passing by his tomb, "not to judge of man by a stone; for that very monument, so mean and little, contains the bones of a most noble poet, the favourite of the muses." "Two continents," says Antipater, "contend for the honour of his birth. Many are the native lands of the poets." Yet, in another epigram, which is one of those made on the statues in the Gymnasium and Hippodrome at Constantinople, Alcman is mentioned as one of the more ignoble poets, and his head the only one that is not crowned with ivy-buds. From the remoteness of the age of this poem from that in which he lived, it is probable that ignorance, and not malice, was the ground of this misrepresentation.

Simonides, the poet of Cea, the friend of Hipparchus and of Pausanius, and finally of Hiero, king of Syracuse, at whose court he died, is of a much later date, his birth being fixed in the 55th olympiad. The voice of antiquity has taught us to connect his name with every thing that is tender and mournful; but most of the existing specimens of his works are too grave and moral to merit this title; and there are not wanting some of a satirical nature, which appear almost inconsistent with the character generally attributed to him. A very spirited translation, in prose, of his most celebrated poem may be met with in the Spectator. One of a different stamp remains, more amply to justify the praise of softness and melancholy, assigned him by the ancient writers. The story of Danae, on which it is founded, is too well known to need any description here.

When the wind resounding high
Bluster'd from the northern sky,
When the waves in stronger tide
Dash'd against the vessel's side,
Her care-worn cheeks with tears bedew'd,
Her sleeping infant Danae view'd,
And, trembling still with new alarms,
Around him cast a mother's arms.
"My child, what woes does Danae weep!
But thy young limbs are wrapt in sleep.
In that poor nook, all sad and dark,
While lightnings play around our bark,

Thy quiet bosom only knows
The heavy sigh of deep repose.
The howling wind, the raging sea,
No terror can excite in thee;
The angry surges wake no care
That burst above thy long deep hair;
But couldst thou feel what I deplore,
Then would I bid thee sleep the more.
" Sleep on, sweet boy! still be the deep!
(Oh, could I lull my woes asleep!)
Jove, let thy mighty hand o'erthrow
The baffled malice of my foe;
And may this child, in future years,
Avenge his mother's wrongs and tears!"

How different is the character given us of the impetuous and enthusiastic Ibycus! and how well does the only fragment which we possess of his writings correspond with the impression which the universal voice of antiquity has made on our minds respecting him! How well is the vehemence and fire of his poetry represented to us in the few words by which Athenæus introduces him to our attention!

What time soft zephyrs of the balmy May
First o'er the rich Cydonian gardens play
(Immortal gardens, where the Cretan fair
'Midst blooming bow'rs perpetual fragrance share!),
With warmer hues the blushing apples glow,
Fill'd by the fruitful streams that round them flow;
And new-born clusters swell with future wine,
Beneath the shadowy foliage of the vine.
Alas! to me the vernal season brings
But added torture on his sunny wings;
For Love, the earliest tyrant of my breast,
Impetuous ravisher of joy and rest,
Bursts like a torrent from his mother's arms,
And fills my trembling soul with new alarms.
Like Boreas rushing from his Thracian plains,
Cloth'd in fierce lightnings and o'erwhelming rains,
So rages in my soul the madd'ning pow'r;
His parching fires my withering heart devour;
A burning phrenzy comes my senses o'er;
Sweet peace is fled, and reason is no more.

The soft and easy style of Bacchylides may be well contrasted with both the foregoing, by the following fragment of a pæan, or sacred hymn to Peace, the conclusion of which may entitle him to a comparison with the amorous poets.

For thee, sweet Peace, abundance glads the plains;
Thy smiles inspire the bard to heavenly strains.
On many an altar, at thy glad return,
Pure victims bleed, and holy odours burn,
And frolic youth their happy age apply
To graceful movements, sports, and minstrelsy.
Dark spiders weave their webs within the shield,
Rust eats the spear, the terror of the field,
And brazen trumpets now no more affright
The silent slumbers of ambrosial night;
Inspiring banquets gladden all the ways,
And youths and maidens sing their roundelays.

For the Literary Magazine.

HOW FAR DO SLAVES INFLUENCE POLITICAL REPRESENTATION IN AMERICA.

WHOLE number of persons in the United States in 1790, -	3,893,635
Deduct slaves -	694,280
	3,199,355
Three-fifths of the slaves	416,568
Whole number represented	3,615,923

Giving 109 representatives, and a fraction of 13,923. But by the loss

of fractional parts of the ratio of representation in the apportionment of the several states, the actual number was only 106.

Of the 694,280 slaves, the states of Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, contained 645,023, three-fifths of which number is 387,012, which divided by 33,000, (and not calculating for fractional loss in the apportionment to the states, which would not, in this case, amount to one member) gives as the slave representation of the southern states, agreeably to the first census, *eleven* members, and a fraction of 24,012.

Whole number of persons in the United States in 1800, exclusive of Tenessee, Ohio, and the territories - 5,140,208

	Slaves.	*Total.*		
Tenessee	13,584	105,602		
Ohio		45,365		
Indiana	135	5,641		
Mississippi	3,489	8,850		
	17,208	165,438		165,468
In other states	875,225			
			Deduct in Indiana and Mississippi,	5,305,676
Total slaves	892,433		unrepresented - -	14,491
Deduct in Indiana and Mississippi	3,624			5,291,175
	888,809		Deduct slaves - -	888,809
				4,402,366
			Three-fifths of slaves	533,280
				4,935,646

Giving 149 representatives, and a fraction of 18,646. But by the loss of fractional parts, &c., the number is only 142.

By the second census of 888,809 slaves, the same states contain 832,922, three-fifths of which is 499,794, giving 15 representatives, and a fraction of 4,794.

The following table exhibits the decrease of slaves in the northern and middle, and their increase in the southern states, for ten years.

New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Vermont, contained in 1790, in total, 1,009,522; slaves, 3,886. In 1800, total, 1,233,011; slaves, 1,339. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, in 1790, total, 1,017,726; slaves, 45,371. In 1800, total, 1,464,017; slaves, 40,894. Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, N. Carolina, S. Carolina, and Georgia, in 1790, total, 1,866,387; slaves, 645,023. In 1800, total, 2,437,231; slaves, 832,992. The slaves in the northern states have decreased from 3,886 to 1,339, almost in the ratio of two in three. In the middle states, from 45,371 to 40,894, in that of nearly one ninth. Increased in the southern states from 645,023 to 832,992, nearly one-third of the original number, or in the ratio of 832 to 645.

Rhode Island has decreased from 948 to 380. Connecticut from 2,764 to 951. New York nearly stationary. Pennsylvania and Delaware have decreased a little, and Maryland made a small increase. Virginia has increased in the ratio of 345 to 292. Kentucky in that of 40 to 12. North Carolina in that of 133 to 100. South Carolina in that of 146 to 107. Georgia has doubled her number. The increase gives four members of congress, and as many electors of president, to the southern states.

The increase of the whole number of persons represented has been as 49 to 36; that of slaves, for which their masters are represented, as 53 to 41; that of freemen as 44 to 31. Calculate upon the same ratio of increase for ten years to come. Increase the number of persons represented from 49 to 65; slaves from 53 to 68, freemen from 44 to 60, round numbers: there will be, in ten years more, 19 representatives for slaves. But if we calculate, as we may with probability, upon a much larger increase, upon the creation of new states in Louisiana, and the importation and propagation of slaves in that country, in twenty or thirty years there will be between 30 and 40 representatives in congress for slaves, and as many electors of president.

In the last ten years, the whole number of persons in the northern or eastern states has increased only in the proportion of 12 to 10, in the middle as 14 to 10, in the southern nearly as 24 to 18. Free people, in the eastern, as 12 to 10; slaves, in the southern, as 83 to 64. Free people, in the southern states, from 1,221,364 to 1,604,239. Free people, in the eastern states, in the ratio of one-fifth only of the original number; those in the southern states in that of nearly one-third; slaves in about the same proportion.

By the last census, the number of free persons in the northern states was 1,231,672, and in the southern 1,604,239. By the former census, the number of free persons in the northern states was 1,005,636, and in the southern 1,221,364. By the first census, Vermont had 2 members, New Hampshire 4, Massachusetts 14, Rhode Island 2, Connecticut 7: 29 members. Maryland 7, Virginia 19, Kentucky 2, North Carolina 10, South Carolina 6, Georgia 2: 46 members. 1,005,636 free citizens in the northern states had 29 representatives, and 1,221,364 in the southern 46 representatives. Without allowing any fractions of the ratio of representation in the apportionment to the several states, and making no allowance for slaves, the northern states would have been entitled, by the census of 1791, to 30 representatives, and a fraction of 15,636, the southern to 37 only, with the trifling fraction of 364. In consequence, therefore, of the constitutional representation for slaves, the relative weight of the northern and southern states was only as 29 to 46, when otherwise it would have been as 80 to 37.

By the present census, the northern states have 35 representatives, and the southern 64, including Tenessee. 1,231,672 free people, in the northern states, have 35 representatives. The southern states, including Tenessee, contain 1,696,257 free people, and have 64 representatives. As above, the northern states would have been entitled, by the census of 1800, to 37 members, with a fraction of 10,672; the southern to 51, and a fraction of 13,257. It is as 35 to 64, and, were freemen alone represented, and that equally, it would be as 37 to 51. Instead of being little more than half, it would be less than two-thirds.

The five northern states contain 1,231,672 free people, and send 10 senators; the seven southern states 1,696,257, and send 14 senators. The southern states, by their numbers, in proportion to those of the northern, are entitled only to 13 senators, with a fraction of 91 parts of 123. The middle states stand almost on the same ground with the northern. As it respects the senate, they are on worse ground. With a free population, but one-eighth less than that of the southern states, they have but one more than half the number of senators.

Vermont, for 154,000 free people, has 4 representatives; Massachusetts, for 574,564, has 17 representatives; N. Hampshire, for 183,850, has 5; Connecticut, for 250,051, has 7; Rhode Island, for 68,742, has 2; New York, for 565,437, has 17; New-Jersey, for 198,727, has 6; Pennsylvania, for 600,839, has 18; Delaware, for 58,120, has 1. Virginia, the largest of the southern

states, has in whole numbers 880,200 —deduct slaves, 345,796—free people 534,404. Virginia, with 40,160 free people less than Massachusetts, has 5 representatives and electors more; with 31,033 less than New York, she has 5 more of each; with 66,435 less than Pennsylvania, she has 4 more of each. The day is not far, when the southern and western states will have more representatives in congress and electors of president, for slaves only, than the northern will have for all their free people.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE MODERN GRISELDA, OR, A LESSON FOR WIVES.

Continued from page 392.

BY her judicious and kind interposition, Emma often prevented the disagreeable consequences, that threatened to ensue from Griselda's disputatious habits: but one night it was past her utmost skill to avert a violent storm, which arose about the pronunciation of a word. It began about eleven o'clock. Just as the family were sitting down to supper, seemingly in perfect harmony of spirits, Mr. Bolingbroke chanced to say,

I think the wind is rising.

He pronounced the word *wind* short.

Wind! my dear, cried his wife, echoing his pronunciation; do, for Heaven's sake, call it wind.

The lady sounded this word long.

Wind! my love, repeated he after her: I doubt whether that be the right pronunciation.

I am surprised you can doubt it, said she, for I never heard any body call it *wind* but yourself.

Did not you, my love? That is very extraordinary; many people, I believe, call it *wind.*

Vulgarians, perhaps!

Vulgarians! No, indeed, my dear; very polite, well-informed people.

Griselda, with a look of unutterable contempt, reiterated the word *polite!*

Yes, my dear, *polite!* persisted Mr. Bolingbroke, who was now come to such a pass, that he would defend his opinion in opposition to hers, stoutly and warmly. Yes, *polite*, my dear; I maintain it; the most *polite* people pronounce it as I do.

You may maintain what you please, my dear, said the lady, coolly; but I maintain the contrary.

Assertion is no proof on either side, I acknowledge, said Mr. Bolingbroke, recollecting himself.

No, in truth, said Mrs. Bolingbroke, especially such an absurd assertion as yours, my dear. Now I will go no farther than Mrs. Granby: Mrs. Granby, did you ever hear any person, who knew how to speak, pronounce wind—*wind?*

Mrs. Granby, have not you heard it called *wind* in good company?

The disputants eagerly approached her, at the same instant, and looked as if their fortunes or lives depended upon the decision.

I think I have heard the word pronounced both ways, by well-bred and well-informed people, said Mrs. Granby.

That is saying nothing, my dear, said Mrs. Bolingbroke, pettishly.

That is saying all I want, said Mr. Bolingbroke, satisfied.

I would lay any wager, however, that Mr. ********, if he were here, would give it in my favour; and I suppose you will not dispute his authority.

I will not dispute the authority of Sheridan's Dictionary, cried Mr. Bolingbroke, taking it down from the book-case, and turning over the leaves hastily. Sheridan gives it for me, my dear, said he, with exultation.

You need not speak with such triumph, my dear, for I do not submit to Sheridan.

No! Will you submit to Kenrick then?

Let us see what he says, and I will then tell you, said the lady. No;

Kenrick was not of her opinion, and he was no authority. Walker was produced; and this battle of the pronouncing dictionaries seemed likely to have no end. Mrs. Granby, when she could be heard, remarked, that it was difficult to settle any dispute about pronunciation, because, in fact, no reasons could be produced, and no standard appealed to but custom, which is perpetually changing; and, as Johnson says, "whilst our language is variable with the caprice of all who use it, words can no more be ascertained in a dictionary, than a grove, in the agitation of a storm, can be accurately delineated from its picture in the water."

The combatants would scarcely allow Emma time to finish this allusion, and certainly did not give themselves time to understand it, but continued to fight about the word custom, the only word that they had heard.

Yes, custom! custom! cried they at once, custom must decide, to be sure. Then came *my* custom and *your* custom; the custom of the stage, the custom of the best company, the custom of the best poets; and all these were opposed to each other with increasing rapidity.—Good heavens, my dear! did you ever hear Kemble say, "Rage on, ye *winds!*" ridiculous!

I grant you on the stage it may be winds, but in common conversation it is allowable to pronounce it as I do, my dear.

I appeal to the best poets, Mr. Bolingbroke: nothing can be more absurd than your way of——

"Listen, lively lordlings all!" interrupted Emma, pressing with playful vehemence between the disputants: I must be heard, for I have not spoken this half hour, and thus I pronounce,

"You both are right, and both are wrong."

And now, my good friends, had not we better go to rest? said she, for it is past midnight.

As they took their candles, and went up stairs, the parties continued the battle; Mrs. Bolingbroke brought quotations innumerable to her aid, and in a shrill tone repeated,

"He might not let e'en the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly."

——— "pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not."

"And let her down the wind to prey at fortune."

"Blow, blow, thou winter's wind,
Thou art not so unkind."

"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow."

Her voice was raised to the highest pitch; it was in vain that her husband repeated that he acknowledged the word should be called as she pronounced it in poetry; she reiterated her quotations and her assertions, till at last she knew not what she said; her sense failed the more her anger increased. At length Mr. Bolingbroke yielded.—Noise conquers sometimes where art fails.

Thus, said he, the hawk, that could not be hood-winked, was at last tamed, by being exposed to the din of a blacksmith's hammer.

Griselda was incensed by this remark, and still more by the allusion, which she called the second edition of the vampire-bat. Both husband and wife went to sleep mutually displeased, and more disgusted with each other than they had ever been since their marriage: and all this for the pronunciation of a word!

Early in the morning, they were wakened by a messenger, who brought an express, informing Mr. Bolingbroke that his uncle was not expected to live, and that he wished to see him immediately. Mr. Bolingbroke rose instantly: all the time that he was dressing, and preparing in the greatest hurry for his journey, Griselda tormented him by

disputing about the propriety of his going, and ended with

Promise me to write every post, my dear; positively you must.

Mr. Bolingbroke did not comply with his wife's request, or rather with her injunction, to write *every post:* and when he did write, Griselda always found some fault with his letters. They were too short, too stiff, or too cold, and "very different indeed," she said, "from what he used to write before he was married." This was certainly true; and absence was not, at the present crisis, the most advantageous thing possible to our heroine. Absence is said to extinguish a weak flame, and to increase a strong one. Mr. Bolingbroke's passion for Griselda had, by some means, been of late diminished. He parted from her with the disagreeable impression of a dispute upon his mind. As he went farther from her, he perceived that, instead of dragging a lengthened chain, his chain grew lighter. His uncle recovered; he found agreeable society in the neighbourhood; he was persuaded to prolong his stay; his mind, which had been continually harassed, now enjoyed some tranquillity. On an unlucky evening he recollected Martial's famous epigram and his wife, in one and the same instant:

"My mind still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live without you;
But now we have lived three weeks asunder,
How I lived with you is the wonder."

In the mean time, our heroine's chief amusement, in her husband's absence, was writing to complain of him to Mrs. Nettleby. This lady's answers were now filled with a reciprocity of conjugal abuse; she had found, to her cost, that it is the most desperate imprudence to marry a fool, in the hopes of governing him. All her powers of tormenting were lost upon her blessed helpmate. He was not to be moved by wit or sarcasm, eloquence or noise, tears or caresses, reason, jealousy, or the opinion of the world.

What did he care what the world thought? He would do as he pleased himself; he would be master in his own house: it did not signify talking or crying, or being in the right; right or wrong, he would be obeyed; a wife should never govern him; he had no notion of letting a woman rule, for his part; women were born to obey, and promised it in church. As to jealousy, let his wife look to that; if she did not chuse to behave properly, he knew his remedy, and would as soon be divorced as not. "Rule a wife and have a wife" was the burden of his song.

It was in vain to goad his insensible nature, in hopes of obtaining any good; vain as the art said to be possessed by Linnæus, of producing pearls by pricking oysters. Mrs. Nettleby, the witty, the spirited widow Nettleby, was now in the most hopeless and abject condition; tyrannized over by a dunce, and who could pity her? not even her dear Griselda.

One day, Mrs. Bolingbroke received an epistle of seven pages from *poor* Mrs. Nettleby, giving a full and true account of Mr. Nettleby's extraordinary obstinacy about "the awning of a pleasure-boat, which he would not suffer to be made according to her directions, and which consequently caused the oversetting of the boat, and *very nearly* the deaths of all the party." Tired with the long history, and with the notes upon the history of this adventure, in Mrs. Nettleby's declamatory style, our heroine walked out to refresh herself. She followed a pleasant path in a field near the house, and came to a shady lane, where she heard Mr. and Mrs. Granby's voices. She went towards the place. There was a turn in the lane, and a thick hedge of hawthorn prevented her from being immediately seen. As she approached, she heard Mr. Granby saying to Emma, in the fondest tone of affection,

My dear Emma, pray let it be done the way that you like best.

They were looking at a cottage which they were building. The masons had, by mistake, followed the plan Mr. Granby had proposed, instead of that which Emma had suggested. The wall was half built, but Mr. Granby desired that it might be pulled down, and altered to suit Emma's taste.

Bless me! cried Griselda, with great surprise, are you really going to have it pulled down, Mr. Granby?

Certainly, replied he; and what is more, I am going to help to pull it down.

He ran to assist the masons, and worked with a degree of zeal which increased Mrs. Bolingbroke's astonishment.

Good heavens! he could not do more for you if you were his mistress.

He never did so much for me, till I was his wife, said Emma.

That's strange! Very unlike other men. But, my dear, said Mrs. Bolingbroke, taking Mrs. Granby's arm, and drawing her aside, how did you acquire such surprising power over your husband?

By not desiring it, I believe, replied Emma, smiling. I have never used any other art.

Our heroine was still meditating upon the extraordinary method by which Emma had acquired power over her husband, when a carriage drove down the lane, and Mr. Bolingbroke's head appeared, looking out of the chaise window. His face did not express so much joy as she thought it ought to display at the sight of her, after three weeks absence. She was vexed, and received him coldly. He turned to Mr. and Mrs. Granby, and was not miserable. Griselda did not speak one word during their walk home; still her husband continued in good spirits: she was more and more out of humour, and took no pains to conceal her displeasure. He bore it well, but then he seemed to feel it so little, that she was exasperated beyond measure; she seized the first convenient opportunity, when she found him alone, of beginning a direct attack.

This is not the way in which you *used* to meet me, after an absence ever so short. He replied, that he was really very glad to see her; but that she, on the contrary, seemed sorry to see him.

Because you are quite altered now, continued she, in a querulous tone. I always prophesied that you would cease to love me.

Take care, my dear, said he, smiling; some prophecies are the cause of their own accomplishment, the sole cause. Come, my Griselda, continued he, in a serious tone, do not let us begin to quarrel the moment we meet. He offered to embrace her, but she drew back haughtily. What! do you confess that you no longer love me? cried she.

Far from it; but it is in your own power, said he, hesitating, to diminish or increase my love.

Then it is no love, if it can be either increased or diminished, cried she; it is no love worth having. I remember the day when you swore to me, that your affection could not be increased or diminished.

I was *in* love in those days, my dear, and did not know what I swore, said Mr. Bolingbroke, endeavouring to turn the conversation: never reproach a man, when he is sober, with what he said when he was drunk.

Then you are sober now, are you? cried she, angrily.

It is to be hoped I am, said he, laughing.

Cruel, barbarous man! cried she.

For being sober? said he. Have not you been doing all you could to sober me these eighteen months, my dear? and now do not be angry if you have, in some degree, succeeded.

Succeeded! Oh, wretched woman! this is thy lot! exclaimed Griselda, clasping her hands in an agony of passion; oh, that my whole unfortunate sex could *see* me, could *hear* you at this instant! Never,

never did the love of man endure one twelvemonth after marriage. False! treacherous! callous! perjured tyrant! leave me! leave me!

He obeyed; she called him back, with a voice half suffocated with rage, but he returned not.

Never was departing love recalled by the voice of reproach. It is not, as the poet fables, at the sight of human ties, that Cupid is frightened, for he is blind; but he has the most delicate ears imaginable: scared at the sound of female objurgation, Love claps his wings, and urges his irrevocable flight.

Griselda remained for some time in her apartment, to indulge her ill-humour; she had leisure for this indulgence; she was not now, as formerly, disturbed by the fond interruptions of a husband. Longer had her angry fit lasted, but for a circumstance which may, to many of our readers, appear unnatural: our heroine became hungry. The passions are more under the controul of the hours of meals*, than any one, who has not observed human life out of novels, can easily believe. Dinner-time came, and Mrs. Bolingbroke appeared at dinner as usual. In the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Granby, pride compelled Griselda to command herself, and no one could guess what had passed between her and her husband: but no sooner was she again tete-a-tete with him, than her reproaches recommenced with fresh violence.—Will you only do me the justice to tell me, Mr. Bolingbroke, cried she, what reason you have to love me less?

Reason, my dear! said he; you know love is independent of reason; according to your own definition: love is involuntary; you cannot, therefore, blame me for its caprices.

Insulting casuistry! said she, weeping; sophistical nonsense! Have you any rational complaint to make against me, Mr. Bolingbroke?

I make no complaints, rational or irrational, my dear; they are all on your side.

And well they may be, cried Griselda, when you treat me in such a barbarous manner: but I do not complain; the world shall be my judge; the world will do me justice, if you will not. I appeal to every body who knows me, have I ever given you the slightest cause for ill usage? Can you accuse me of any extravagance, of any imprudence, sir?

I accuse you of neither, Mrs. Bolingbroke.

No, because you cannot, sir; my character, my fidelity is unimpeached, unimpeachable; the world will do me justice.

Griselda contrived to make even her virtues causes of torment. Upon the strength of this unimpeachable fidelity, she thought she might be as ill-humoured as she pleased; she seemed now to think that she had acquired an indefeasible right to reproach her husband, since she had extorted from him the confession that he loved her less, and that he had no crime to lay to her charge. Ten days passed on in this manner; the lady becoming every hour more irritable, the gentleman every hour more indifferent.

To have revived or killed affection *secundum artem*, the fair practitioner should now have thrown in a little jealousy: but unluckily she was so situated, that this was impossible. No object any way fit for the purpose was at hand; nothing was to be found within ten miles of of her but honest country squires, and,

"With all the powers of nature and of art,
She could not break one stubborn country heart."

Many privileges are and ought to be allowed to the virgin majesty of the sex; and even when the modern fair one does not reply with all the sweet austere composure of Eve, her

* De Retz's Memoirs.

anger may have charms for a lover. There is a certain susceptibility of temper that sometimes accompanies the pride of virtue, which indicates a quick sense of shame, and warm feelings of affection; in whatsoever manner this may be shown, it appears amiable and graceful. And if this sensibility degenerate into irritability, a lover pardons it in his mistress; it is her prerogative to be haughty; and, if he be dexterous to seize "the moment of returning love," it is often his interest to promote quarrels, for the sake of the pleasures of reconciliation. The jealous doubts, the alternate hopes and fears, attendant on the passion of love, are dear to the lover whilst his passion lasts; but, when that subsides, as subside it must, his taste for altercation ceases. The proverb, which favours the quarrels of lovers, may prove fatal to the happiness of husbands; and woe be to the wife who puts her faith in it. There are, however, people, who would extend that dangerous maxim even to the commerce of friendship; and it must be allowed (for morality can gain, neither in small matters nor great, any thing by suppressing the truth), it must be allowed that, in the commencement of an intimacy, the quarrels of friends may tend to increase their mutual regard, by affording to one or both of them opportunities of displaying qualities superior even to good-humour; such as truth, fidelity, honour, or generosity. But whatever may be the sum total of their merit, when, upon long acquaintance, it comes to be fully known and justly appreciated, the most splendid virtues or talents can seldom compensate, in domestic life, for the want of temper. The fallacy of a maxim, like the absurdity of an argument, is sometimes best proved, by pushing it as far as it can go, by observing all its consequences. Our heroine, in the present instance, illustrates this truth to admiration: her life and her husband's had now become a perpetual scene of disputes and reproaches; every day the quarrels grew more bitter, and the reconciliations less sweet.

One morning, Griselda and her husband were present, whilst Emma was employed in showing some poor children how to plait straw for hats.

Next summer, my dear, when we are settled at home, I hope you will encourage some manufacture of this kind among the children of our tenants, said Mr. Bolingbroke to his lady.

I have no genius for teaching manufactures of this sort, replied Mrs. Bolingbroke, scornfully.

Her husband urged the matter no farther. A few minutes afterwards, he drew out a straw from a bundle, which one of the children held.

This is a fine straw, said he, carelessly.

Fine straw! cried Mrs. Bolingbroke; no, that is very coarse. This, continued she, pulling one from another bundle, this is fine straw, if you please.

I think mine is the finest, said Mr. Bolingbroke.

Then you must be blind, Mr. Bolingbroke, cried the lady, eagerly comparing them.

Well, my dear, said he, laughing, we will not dispute about straws.

No, indeed, said she, but I observe, whenever you know you are in the wrong, Mr. Bolingbroke, you say, *we will not dispute, my dear:* now, pray, look at these straws, Mrs. Granby, you that have eyes, which is the finest?

I will draw lots, said Emma, taking one playfully from Mrs. Bolingbroke, for it seems to me that there is little or no difference between them.

No difference? Oh, my dear Emma! said Mrs. Bolingbroke.

My dear Griselda, cried her husband, taking the other straw from her and blowing it away; indeed, it is not worth disputing about: this is too childish.

Childish! repeated she, looking after the straw, as it floated down the wind; I see nothing childish in being in the right: your raising

your voice in that manner never convinces me. Jupiter is always in the wrong, you know, when he has recourse to his thunder.

Thunder! my dear Griselda! about a straw! well! when women are determined to dispute, it is wonderful how ingenious they are in finding subjects. I give you joy, my dear, of having attained the perfection of the art: you can now literally dispute about straws.

Emma insisted, at this instant, upon having an opinion about the shape of a hat, which she had just tied under the chin of a rosy little girl of six years old, upon whose smiling countenance she fixed the attention of the angry lady.

All might now have been well, but Griselda had a pernicious habit of recurring to any slight words of blame, which had been used by her friends. Her husband had congratulated her upon having attained the perfection of the art of disputing, since she could cavil about straws. This reproach rankled in her mind. There are certain diseased states of the body, in which the slightest wound festers, and becomes incurable. It is the same with the mind; and our heroine's was in this dangerous predicament.

Some hours after the quarrel about the straws, when her husband had entirely forgotten it, and was sitting very quietly in his own apartment writing a letter, Griselda entered the room with a countenance prepared for great exploits.

Mr. Bolingbroke, she began in an awful tone of voice, if you are at leisure to attend to me, I wish to speak to you upon a subject of some importance.

I am quite at leisure, my dear; pray sit down; what is the matter? you really alarm me!

It is not my intention to alarm you, Mr. Bolingbroke, continued she, in a still more solemn tone; the time is past when what I have to say could have alarmed: I am persuaded that you will now hear it without emotion, or with an emotion of pleasure.

She paused; he laid down his pen, and looked all expectation.

I am come to announce to you a fixed, unalterable resolution—to part from you, Mr. Bolingbroke.

Are you serious, my dear?

Perfectly serious, sir.

These words did not produce the revolution in her husband's countenance which Griselda had expected. She trembled with a mixed indescribable emotion of grief and rage, when she heard him calmly reply:

Let us part, then, Griselda, if that be your wish; but let me be sure that it is your wish: I must have it repeated from your lips when you are perfectly calm.

With a voice inarticulate from passion, Griselda began to assure him that she was perfectly calm; but he stopped her, and mildly said,

Take four and twenty hours to consider of what you are about, Griselda; I will be here at this time to-morrow, to learn your final determination.

Mr. Bolingbroke left the room.

Mrs. Bolingbroke was incapable of thinking; she could only feel. Conflicting passions assailed her heart. All the woman rushed upon her soul: she loved her husband more, at this instant, than she had ever loved him before. His firmness excited at once her anger and her admiration. She could not believe that she had heard his *words rightly*. She sat down to recal minutely every circumstance of what had just passed, every word, every look; she finished by persuading herself that his calmness was affected; that the best method she could possibly take was, by a show of resistance, to bully him out of his indifference. She little knew what she hazarded: when the danger of losing her husband's love was imaginary, and solely of her own creating, it affected her in the most violent manner; but now that the peril was real and imminent, she was insensible to its existence.

A celebrated traveller in the Alps advises people to imagine themselves walking amidst preci-

pices, when they are safe upon smooth ground; and he assures them, that by this practice they may inure themselves so to the idea of danger, as to prevent all sense of it in the most perilous situations.

The four and twenty hours passed, and, at the appointed moment, our heroine and her husband met. As she entered the room, she observed that he held a book in his hand, but was not reading: he put it down, rose deliberately, and placed a chair for her, in silence.

I thank you, I would rather stand, said she: he put aside the chair and walked to a door at the other end of the room, to examine whether there was any one in the adjoining apartment.

It is not necessary that what we have to say should be overheard by servants, said he.

I have no objection to being overheard, said Griselda; I have nothing to say of which I am ashamed, and all the world must know it soon.

As Mr. Bolingbroke returned towards her, she examined his countenance with an inquisitive eye. It was expressive of concern; grave, but calm. She was decided in opinion that the calm was affected. She little knew the truth.

Whoever has seen a balloon—the reader, however impatient, must listen to this allusion—whoever has seen a balloon may have observed, that in its flaccid state it can be folded and unfolded with the greatest ease, and it is manageable even by a child; but when once filled, the force of multitudes cannot restrain, nor the art of man direct its course. Such is the human mind; so tractable before, so ungovernable after it fills with passion. By slow degrees, unnoticed by Griselda, the balloon had been filling. It was full; but it was yet held down by strong cords: it remained with her to cut or not to cut them.

Reflect before you speak, my dear Griselda, said her husband; consider that on the words which you are going to pronounce depend your fate and mine.

I have reflected sufficiently, said she, and decide, Mr. Bolingbroke, to part.

Be it so! cried he. Fire flashed from his eyes; he grew red and pale in an instant. Be it so! repeated he, in an irrevocable voice. We part for ever!

He vanished before Griselda could speak or think. She was breathless; her limbs trembled; she could not support herself; she sunk she knew not where. She certainly loved her husband better than any thing upon earth, except power. When she came to her senses, and perceived that she was alone, she felt as if she was abandoned by all the world. The dreadful word, for ever, still sounded in her ears. She was tempted to yield her humour to her affection. It was but a momentary struggle; the love of sway prevailed. When she came more fully to herself, she recurred to the belief, that her husband could not be in earnest, or, at least, that he would never persist, if she had but the courage to brave him to the utmost.

Ashamed of her late weakness, she rallied all her spirits, and resolved to meet her husband at supper with an undaunted countenance. Her provoking composure was admirably prepared, but it was thrown away, for Mr. Bolingbroke did not appear at supper. When Griselda retired to rest, she found a note from him upon her dressing table: she tore it open with a triumphant hand, certain that it came to offer terms of reconciliation.

"You will appoint whatever friend you think proper, to settle the terms of our separation. The time I desire to be as soon as possible. I have not mentioned what has passed to Mr. or Mrs. Granby; you will mention it to them or not, as you think fit. On this point, as

on all others, you will henceforward follow your own discretion.

T. BOLINGBROKE.

Twelve o'clock.
Saturday, Aug. 10th.

Mrs. Bolingbroke read and reread this note, weighed every word, examined every letter, and at last exclaimed aloud, He will not, cannot part from me. As she looked in the glass she saw her maid standing in waiting. I shall not want you to night; you need not wait, cried she. The maid retired, full of what she had just heard. Too intent upon her own thoughts to observe even this, she continued her reverie, fixed to the spot on which she stood.

He cannot be in earnest, thought she. Either he is acting a part, or he is in a passion. Perhaps he is instigated by Mr. Granby: no, that cannot be, because he says he has not mentioned it to Mr. or Mrs. Granby, and he always speaks truth. If Emma had known it, she would have prevented him from writing such a harsh note, for she is such a good creature. I have a great mind to consult her; she is so indulgent, so soothing. But what does Mr. Bolingbroke say about her? He leaves me to my own discretion, to mention what has past or not. That means, mention it, speak to Mrs. Granby, that she may advise you to submit. I will not say a word to her; I will out-general him yet. He cannot leave me, when it comes to the trial.

She sat down and wrote instantly this answer to her husband's note.

"I agree with you entirely, that the sooner we part the better. I shall write to morrow to my friend Mrs. Nettleby, with whom I choose to reside. Mr. John Nettleby is the person I fix upon to settle the terms of our separation. In three days I shall have Mrs. Nettleby's answer. This is Saturday, on Tuesday then we part for ever.

GRISELDA BOLINGBROKE.

Mrs. Bolingbroke summoned her maid. "Deliver this note," said she, "with your own hand; do not send le Grand with it to his master."

Griselda waited impatiently for her maid's return.

No answer, madam.

No answer! Are you certain?

Certain, ma'am: my master only said "Very well."

And why did not you ask him if there was any answer?

I did, ma'am. I said, Is there no answer for my lady? No answer, said he.

Was he up?

No, ma'am, he was in bed.

Was he asleep when you went in?

I cannot say positively, ma'am: he undrew the curtain as I went in, and asked, "Who's there?"

Did you go in on tiptoe?

I forget really, ma'am.

You forget really! Ideot!

But, ma'am, I recollect he turned his head to go to sleep as I closed the curtain.

You need not wait, said Mrs. Bolingbroke.

Provoked beyond the power of sleep, Mrs. Bolingbroke rose, and gave free expression to her feelings in an eloquent letter to Mrs. Nettleby; but, even after this relief, Griselda could not rest, so much was she disturbed by the repose that her husband enjoyed, or was reputed to enjoy. In the morning she placed her letter in full view upon the mantle-piece in the drawing-room, in hopes that it would strike terror into the heart of her husband. To her great mortification, she saw Mr. Bolingbroke, with an unchanged countenance, give it to the servant, who came to ask for "letters for the post." She had now three days of grace before Mrs. Nettleby's answer could arrive; but of these she disdained to take advantage: she never mentioned what had passed to Mrs. Granby, but persisted in the same haughty conduct towards her husband, persuaded that she should conquer at last.

The third day came, and brought

an answer from Mrs. Nettleby. After a prodigious parade of professions, a decent display of astonishment at Mr. Bolingbroke's strange conduct, and pity for her dear Griselda, Mrs. Nettleby came to the point, and "was sorry to say, that Mr. Nettleby was in one of his obstinate fits, and could not be brought to listen to the scheme, so near her heart; he would have nothing to do, he said, with settling the terms of Mr. and Mrs. Bolingbroke's separation, not he! He absolutely refuses to meddle between man and wife; and calls it meddling, continued Mrs. Nettleby, to receive you as an inmate, after you have parted from your husband. Mr. Bolingbroke, he says, has always been very civil to him, and came to see him in town; therefore he will not encourage Mrs. Bolingbroke in her tantarums. I represented to him, that Mr. B. desires the thing, and leaves the choice of a residence to yourself; but Mr. Nettleby replied, in his brutal way, that you might choose a residence where you would, except in his house; that his house was his castle, and should never be turned into an asylum for runagate wives; that he would not set such an example to his own wife, &c. But, continued Mrs. Nettleby, you can imagine all the foolish things he said, and I need not repeat them to vex you and myself. I know that he refuses to receive you, my dear Mrs. Bolingbroke, on purpose to provoke me. But what can one do or say to such a man? Adieu, my dear. Pray, write when you are at leisure, and tell me how things are settled, or rather what is settled upon you, which, to be sure, is now the only thing that you have to consider.

Ever yours, affectionately,
R. H. NETTLEBY.

P. S. Before you leave Devonshire, do, my dear, get me some of the fine Devonshire lace; three or four dozen yards will do. I trust implicitly to your taste. You know I do not mind the price; only let it be broad, for narrow lace is my aversion."

Mortified by her dear friend's affectionate letter and postscript, Griselda was the more determined to persist in her resolution to brave her husband to the utmost. The catastrophe, she thought, would always be in her own power; she recollected various separation scenes in novels and plays, where the lady, after having tormented her husband or lover by every species of ill-conduct, reforms in an instant, and a reconciliation is effected by some miraculous means. Our heroine had seen lady Townly admirably well acted, and doubted not that she could now perform her part victoriously. With this hope, or rather in this confidence, she went in search of Mr. Bolingbroke. He was not in the house; he had gone out to take a solitary walk. Griselda hoped that she was the object of his reflections, during his lonely ramble.

Yes, said she to herself, my power is not exhausted; I shall make his heart ache yet: and, when he yields, how will I revenge myself!

She rang for her woman, and gave orders to have every thing immediately prepared for her departure. As soon as the trunks are packed, let them be corded, and placed in the great hall, said she.

Our heroine, who had a happy memory, full well recollected the effect which the sight of the corded trunks produced in the Simple Story, and she thought the stroke so good, that it would bear repetition. With malice prepense, she therefore prepared the blow, which she flattered herself could not fail to astound her victim. Her pride still revolted from the idea of consulting Mrs. Granby, but some apology was requisite for thus abruptly quitting her house. Mrs. Bolingbroke began in a tone that seemed intended to preclude all discussion.

Mrs. Granby, do you know that Mr. Bolingbroke and I have come to a resolution to be happy the rest

of our lives; and, for this purpose, we find it expedient to separate. Do not start, or look so shocked, my dear. This word, separation, may sound terrible to some people, but I have, thank Heaven! sufficient strength of mind to hear it with perfect composure. When a couple, who are chained together, pull different ways, the sooner they break their chain the better. I shall set out immediately for Weymouth. You will excuse me, my dear Mrs. Granby; you see the necessity of the case.

Mrs. Granby, with the most delicate kindness, began to expostulate, but Griselda declared that she was incapable of using a friend so ill, as to pretend to listen to advice, when her mind was determined irrevocably. Emma had no intention, she said, of obtruding her advice, but she wished that Mrs. Bolingbroke would give her own excellent understanding time to act, and that she would not throw away the happiness of her life in a fit of passion. Mrs. Bolingbroke protested that she never was freer from passion of every sort than she was at this moment. With an unusually placid countenance she turned from Mrs. Granby, and sat down to the piano-forte. We shall not agree if I talk any more upon this subject, continued she, therefore I had better sing. I believe my music is better than my logic: at all events I prefer music.

In a fine *bravura* style Griselda then began to sing,

> "What have I to do with thee,
> Dull, unjoyous Constancy?" &c.

And afterwards she played all her gayest airs to convince Mrs. Granby that her heart was quite at ease. She continued playing for an unconscionable time, with the most provoking perseverance.

Emma stood at the window, watching for Mr. Bolingbroke's return. "Here comes Mr. Bolingbroke! How melancholy he looks! Oh, my dear Griselda, cried she, stopping Mrs. Bolingbroke's hand as it ran gaily over the keys, this is no time for mirth or bravado, let me conjure you——"

I hate to be conjured, interrupted Griselda, breaking from her; I am not a child, to be coaxed, and kissed, and sugar-plummed into being good, and behaving prettily. Do me the favour to let Mr. Bolingbroke know, that I am in the study, and desire to speak to him for one minute.

No power could detain the peremptory lady: she took her way to the study, and rejoiced, as she crossed the hall, to see the trunks placed as she had ordered. It was impossible that her husband could avoid seeing them the moment he should enter the house. What a satisfaction! Griselda seated herself at ease in an arm chair in the study, and took up a book which lay open on the table. Mr. Bolingbroke's pencil-case was in it, and the following passage was marked:

"Il y a un lieu sur la terre où les joies pures sont inconnues; d'où la politesse est exilée et fait place à l'égoisme, à la contradiction, aux injures à demivoilées; le remords et l'inquiétude, furies infatigables, y tourmentent les habitans. Ce lieu est la maison de deux époux qui ne peuvent ni s'estimer, ni s'aimer."

"Il y a un lieu sur la terre oú le vice ne s'introduit pas, où les passions tristes n'ont jamais de'empire, où le plaisir et l'innocence habitent toujours ensemble, où les soins sont chers, où les travaux sont doux, où les peines s'oublient dans les entretiens, où l'on jouit de passé, du present, de l'avenir; et c'est la maison de deux époux qui s'aiment."

A pang of remorse seized Griselda as she read these words; they seemed to have been written on purpose for her. Struck with the sense of her own folly, she paused, she doubted; but then she thought that she had gone too far to recede. Her pride could not bear the idea of acknowledging that she had been wrong, or of seeking reconcilement.

"I could live very happily with

this man; but then to yield the victory to him! and to reform! No, no; all reformed heroines are stupid and odious."

Griselda flung the book from her, as her husband entered the room.

You have had an answer, madam, from your friend Mrs. Nettleby, I perceive, said he, calmly.

I have, sir. Family reasons prevent her from receiving me at present; therefore I have determined upon going to Weymouth, where, indeed, I always wished to spend this summer.

Mr. Bolingbroke evinced no surprise, and made not the slightest opposition. Mrs. Bolingbroke was so much vexed, that she could scarcely command her countenance: she bit her lip violently.

With respect to any arrangements that are to be made, I am to understand that you wish me to address myself to Mr. John Nettleby, said her husband.

No, to myself, if you please; I am prepared to listen, sir, to whatever you may have to propose.

These things are always settled best in writing, replied Mr. Bolingbroke. Be so obliging to leave me your direction, and you shall hear from me, or from Mrs. Granby, in a few days.

Mrs. Bolingbroke hastily wrote a direction upon a card, and put it into her husband's hand, with as much unconcern as she could maintain. Mr. Bolingbroke continued, precisely in the same tone,

If you have any thing to suggest, that may contribute to your future convenience, madam, you will be so good as to leave a memorandum with me, to which I shall attend.

He placed a sheet of paper before Mrs. Bolingbroke, and put a pen into her hand. She made an effort to write, but her hand trembled so that she could not form a letter. Her husband took up the book, and read, or seemed to read.——Open the window, Mr. Bolingbroke, said she;——He obeyed, but did not, as formerly, "hang over her enamoured." He had been so often duped by her fainting fits and hysterics, that now, when she suffered in earnest, he suspected her of artifice. He took up his book again, and marked a page with his pencil. She wrote a line with a hurried hand, then starting up, flung her pen from her, and exclaimed: I need not, will not write; I have no request to make to you, Mr. Bolingbroke; do what you will; I have no wishes, no wish upon earth—— but to leave you.

That wish will soon be accomplished, madam, replied he, unmoved.

She pulled the bell till it broke. A servant appeared.

My carriage to the door directly, if you please, sir, cried she.

A pause ensued. Griselda sat swelling with unutterable rage. Heavens! have you no feeling left? exclaimed she, snatching the book from his hand; have you no feeling left, Mr. Bolingbroke, for any thing?

You have left me none for some things, Mrs. Bolingbroke, and I thank you. All this would have broken my heart six months ago.

You have no heart to break, cried she. The carriage drove to the door.

One word more, before I leave you for ever, Mr. Bolingbroke, continued she. Blame yourself, not me, for all this. When we were first married, you humoured, you spoiled me; no temper could bear it. Take the consequences of your own weak indulgence. Farewell.

He made no effort to retain her, and she left the room.

——— "Thus shall it befal
Him who, to worth in woman o'ertrusting,
Lets her will rule; restraint she will not brook,
And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his *weak indulgence* will accuse."

A confused recollection of this warning of Adam's was in Mr. Bolingbroke's head at this moment.

Mrs. Bolingbroke's carriage drove by the window, and she kissed her

hand to him as she passed. He had not sufficient presence of mind to return the compliment. Griselda enjoyed this last triumph of superior temper.

For the Literary Magazine.

CLEMENTIANA.

AS the writings of the fathers of the church have, of late, come again into repute in France, an idea has been conceived of publishing *Ana Patrum*, or the witty and sententious sayings of St. Augustin, Tertullian, St. Jerome, &c. In the mean time, St. Clement, of Alexandria, an ecclesiastical writer, who flourished during the latter end of the second, and beginning of the third century, has been chosen by way of specimen: here are a few of the examples.

—

Riches.

Wealth is like a serpent which an enchanter takes by the tail without being bitten, but which turns round and gives a mortal wound to those who are unacquainted with the art of charming it.

—

Poverty. I.

The real calls of nature constitute the measure of enjoyment, in the same manner that the foot is the measure of the shoe. The want of necessaries alone can be termed poverty.

II.

If any one say, he has seen a just man in want of bread, I reply, that this must have been in a place where there was not another just man.

—

Generosity.

What field, how fertile soever, can ever produce so much as beneficence.

Dress.

Let your vestments be suited to your age, to your station, to your figure, to your situation, and to your occupations.

—

Moderation.

Natural desires are limited to whatsoever is sufficient.

—

On the Use of Liquors.

According to the physician Artorius, one ought not to drink for any other purpose than merely to moisten the aliments, if the object be to attain long life.

—

Bread.

By the use of pastry, men have sophisticated the aliment best calculated to prepare and digest, bread, by subtracting from it what is most nourishing.

[This passage contains the modern doctrine of Parmentier, Cadet, &c., who have asserted, that the bread composed of the *whole of the meal*, is the most healthy and nourishing.]

—

Heat.

A dress of thick woollen stuff is not warm in itself, but it confines the natural heat of the body, and thus prevents it from being dissipated.

—

The Divinity.

What is the sole and universal measure of all things? God, who is always equal and like himself; who weighs and measures every thing, and who sustains all nature in a just equilibrium.

Of the Deity, addressed to the Ancient Pagans.

Orpheus, according to your poets, softened tigers by his voice; but the Divinity of the christians, by conferring the true religion on mankind, has done more, since he has softened the most ferocious species of animals—men themselves.

—

Feather Beds.

It is a hurtful practice to lie upon feathers, which are softer than sleep itself. A feather bed corrupts the aliments instead of producing a due concoction. A more firm and even couch is more natural.

—

Sleep.

Sleep, like an avaricious publican, forces us to spend with him one half of our lives.

—

Baths.

The frequent use of baths bereaves us of our strength, and relaxes our natural vigour. We ought not therefore to bathe without necessity. The Greeks were of this opinion.

—

Women.

The too frequent intercourse between the sexes is wicked and damnable.

—

Slave-Merchants.

There are wretches who navigate the seas on purpose to import fornication, like bread and wine; and there are others still more wicked, who buy females in the market, as they would purchase bread and wine.

Face-Painting.

Those ladies who occupy too much time at their toilette, do not perceive that, by conferring an artificial, they lose all natural beauty, and wholly extinguish the vivacity of the countenance. Their flesh, which loses its elasticity by means of the slow poisons applied to it, soon becomes unable to resist those maladies which speedily overtake them. In addition to this, they seem to reproach the great Workman who made them, for not giving a sufficiency of beauty.

Occupied solely about their apparel, and neglecting every thing else, they remain motionless, like so many paintings intended merely to be looked at, without reflecting that they were born to manage a family, and govern their household.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

PERHAPS there never was a race of men who had a stronger desire, and less means of procuring a scholastic education, than the wretched peasantry of Ireland. The old rulers, with a degree of sottish bigotry, of stupid pride, and active malevolence, of which a parallel is scarcely to be found, not only forbore to encourage public instruction, but did every thing in their power to crush and check it. Laws were passed in the reign of William and Anne, with a view of converting, by force, the natives of Ireland from the popish to the protestant religion. The direct and avowed object of these was to shut out all kinds of instruction from Irish Roman catholics. So strong, however, was their love of learning, that the people openly violated all laws that forbad them to be instructed. Teachers they would have, but it too often happened that these were of the lowest class in society, and every one who could read a little English, write, and was acquainted with the common rules of arithmetic, thought

himself qualified for a schoolmaster. Books, indecent and immoral, were put into the hands of the peasants, and it very often happened that the impression they received, from the only reading to which they could gain access, was debasing and injurious to the last degree. Such was the taste, however, and love of science, that the sons of the most indigent and obscure peasants in Ireland were able to study and become acquainted with the best Greek and Roman authors; that they had taste to discriminate the beauties contained in them, and frequently conversed with each other in the Latin language; which, by the bye, they spoke much more correctly than English. It was no uncommon thing to see poor lads, who had left their homes without shoes or stockings, or perhaps the smallest sum of money in their pockets, wandering through the country in search of scholastic instruction, and living on the bounty of those whom they had applied to for relief, which was hardly ever refused to them. In this latter circumstance, they were distinguished from all other mendicants, as well as in the compassionate attention they experienced from most people. They called themselves *poor scholars;* and that name was always a sufficient passport for a temporary lodging and entertainment in the house of every peasant, whose hospitable spirit the cold hand of want had not extinguished. They were hardly ever refused admittance into any school, where they were instructed gratuitously, and in which the master took care they should not be reproached for their poverty. In return for this kindness, after they had made some progress, they assisted in teaching the younger boys. The part of Ireland to which poor scholars chiefly resorted was Munster; because, in that province, the classical schools were always the best, and the most numerous. The ultimate object which they had in view, was that of being admitted into the Romish priesthood. If they were diligent in their studies, and correct in their conduct, they seldom failed of having their ambition gratified. Among the Roman catholic clergy were many men of learning and exemplary lives, who had acquired their education in the manner just described. There were even instances of some *poor scholars* having been admitted into the University of Dublin, and there distinguished themselves by their progress in classical and scientific knowledge.

For the Literary Magazine.

DOUBTS CONCERNING CHARLES XII.

CHARLES XII may be considered one of those brilliant phenomena that mark the commencement of the last century, and the greater part of our fashionable writers represent this king-captain under no other name than that of the Don Quixote of the North. Since the time that Pope made him share the epithet of "madman" with Alexander, and more especially since he was attacked in the Anti-Machiavel, and Voltaire made him the hero of a historical romance, the sarcasm of the English poet has been constantly repeated as often as his name is mentioned. But does not that very madness, of which they accuse him, deserve to be examined a little more closely? Whence did this pretended maniac derive his strength? How did he employ it? Was this madness natural to him, or was it merely the delirium of a mind irritated by circumstances?

We are told that Charles, in defiance of the testament of his father, ascended a throne illustrated by the exploits of his predecessors, when he had not attained the fifteenth year of his age. He received the education usually bestowed on a prince educated in the midst of a court, and he was inspired with all the prejudices of absolute power, without becoming acquainted with the constitution and interests of the country that gave him birth.

The assertion is false, that during his youth he had studied Quintus Curtius with predilection, and that from this author he had copied the model which he proposed to imitate. The Alexander which he carried in his own bosom was aroused by the critical and extraordinary circumstances that mark the commencement of his reign. His character was firm and intrepid, his constitution robust; his inclinations honest, but inflexible. His biographers tell us, that even from his infancy he never mounted on horseback but to make long journies, and cross the most difficult passes. One of his principal amusements consisted in hunting of wild boars, and, instead of destroying, he was always particularly desirous to take the animal alive; in one of these encounters he had nearly lost his life. It was not thus that the scholar of Aristotle amused himself; and it is not in Quintus Curtius that Charles could imbibe an idea of the pleasure to be derived from the chace of the boar!

When the young monarch, who, in opposition to the received usage, had placed the crown on his own head, ascended the throne, his kingdom enjoyed the blessings of peace and security: but a coalition of three powers was soon formed against him; for Denmark regretted the loss of the duchy of Schleswig, and Augustus, king of Poland, wished for the restoration of Livonia, while the czar, Peter I, was eager to obtain a port in the Baltic. A war of aggression, on their part, immediately followed; and no sooner was Charles informed that the Danes, who made the first inroad, had entered the territories of his brother-in-law, than he renounced all the pleasures of the court, drank simple water for his beverage, and slept on a mat extended on the ground.

When he conducted his fleet into Zealand, Charles himself jumped into the sea (July 25th, 1700), in order to assign their respective stations to the troops.

Lagerbring asserts, that no one suffered from this invasion of Denmark, the deer belonging to the enemy only excepted; every thing brought into the camp was paid for, and the lowest of the peasants treated with gentleness. A peace was soon after concluded on the most equitable conditions; and on the 23d of August the monarch was discovered on his way back to Scania. The first achievement generally presents a sample of the human character, and this first campaign of the king of Sweden conveys a just idea of his primitive disposition, more especially as he concluded this peace of his own accord, without being apprised of the operations of his other enemies.

Six days after his arrival in his own kingdom, Charles was informed that war had been declared against Sweden at Moscow. On this he again embarked, arrived at Pernau on the 6th of October, attacked 24,000 Russians with 8,000 men, and obliged them to lay down their arms.

But this victory was as fatal to the king of Sweden as the defeat of his foes proved advantageous to them; for the young hero began to consider himself invincible, while the Russians deemed it necessary to learn how to combat. After the Poles and the Saxons had, in their turn, experienced a variety of defeats, the mind of the king seemed to lose its equilibrium; all the propositions of peace presented to him were rejected; he insisted, with obstinacy, on the dethronement of Augustus, which was, at length, complied with.

It is here that the victorious career of the hero of the north may be said to have terminated. He had passed the Rubicon; his foot had crossed the barrier of the redoubtable Nemesis, who soon raised up for him a dangerous enemy. This enemy was the insinuating Marlborough, who, with a view of withdrawing him from the theatre of his victories, paid a visit to him in person, and tried to corrupt count Piper by means of the gold of England, with a view of disposing Charles to leave Germany. "Take

whatever money is offered you," says the king, " for that will not prevent me from going wheresoever I choose." He accordingly commenced his march; but it was not to defend Livonia, which had been invaded by the Russians, and then experienced all the horrors of war, but to repair to the Ukraine, to avenge the outrages of a hetman of the Cossacks! It was at the celebrated battle of Pultowa that fortune abandoned her favourite. Charles was there wounded; his generals became jealous of each other; the powder destined for the service of the army proved of a bad quality, and his cannon were still in the park, while the Russians were keeping up an incessant fire, by means of 132 pieces.

For the Literary Magazine.

KILLING ARTS.

AMONG the refinements in the art of killing which the present age has produced, the following deserves notice. Light three or four pounders are to be loaded with grape-shot or musket-bullets, and employed in that arduous part which generally belongs to the infantry alone, in deciding the fate of engagements. The guns to be stationed at the intervals of companies, and worked by six men. It seems, that ten guns, thus worked, will discharge more than five thousand balls in a minute, with much greater effect than the same number of balls fired by a battalion, since experience has proved, that not more than one ball in 200 takes effect.

For the Literary Magazine.

EGYPTIAN PLAGUES.

WE are to look for the principal causes of the most prevalent Egyptian diseases in the peculiar soil and climate of Egypt; several diseases also are propagated by contagion. The cultivated part of Egypt is the most luxuriant of soils: the art of husbandry is there but imperfectly known, and at their harvests there is a great destruction of vegetable matter, from which hydrogene gas, or hydro-carbonate, is extricated in large quantities. Under similar circumstances, in America, as well as in India, a bad fever of the intermittent or remittent type appears. But in Egypt, after the subsiding of the Nile, which in many places had covered a great extent of country, there is a great exhalation from the mud, and from the putrid animal and vegetable matters left behind. The effluvia of these substances, acting on the human body, will readily account for much disease. Add to these the extreme filth of the inhabitants of Egypt, their poor diet, their narrow, close, and ill ventilated apartments, generally much crowded, with the extreme narrowness of their streets, and the bad police of their towns, we shall not be astonished if a fever, at first intermittent or remittent, should have symptoms denominated malignant, superadded to the more ordinary symptoms of the disease. If an imported contagion should make its appearance at the same time, under these circumstances, we must expect a most terrible disease. The dry parching wind which comes over the desert, and which, at certain seasons, blows in Egypt and Arabia, is well known. The whirlwinds of sand roll with great impetuosity, are very troublesome, and insinuate fine sand and dust every where. It is hardly possible to keep the minute particles out of the eyes.

The natives attribute many of their diseases to the heavy dews which fall in Egypt. From some experiments made in India, on the Red Sea, and in Egypt, they are found equally heavy in the former as in the latter quarter. Excessive heat, unless combined with intemperance, or other causes, is rarely productive of disease; and the dif-

ference between the mortality of European and Indian corps is justly referred to their different modes of living. The hot months, indeed, are by far the most healthy, both in India and Egypt. At Kossier, and in crossing the desert, both officers and men, in the late Egyptian campaign, were necessarily much exposed to the sun, when the degree of heat was very great, yet the army enjoyed an uncommon degree of health.

Pests and ophthalmia are the true plagues of Egypt; the former bears resemblance to the yellow fever: mercury is the grand remedy employed, and its effects are very salutary. It is generally found that the patient recovers in proportion to the facility with which his system can be affected by mercury. Nitric acid, taken internally, and the use of the nitric bath, are advantageously administered. With respect to ophthalmia, a variety of causes seem to concur in the production of this disease, which is not confined to the human race; the lower animals, particularly dogs and camels, being subject to it. Some facts seem to prove that this disease is contagious. Much may be done in preventing its attacks, by attention to cleanliness, and especially by washing the eyes frequently in the day with cold water, during the season of its usual prevalence.

For the Literary Magazine.

ACCOUNT OF LOPEZ DE VEGA.

POPULAR applause is the strongest incentive to the diligence of a writer, who can laugh at the severity of criticism when he finds that new impressions of his work still continue to be printed. An eminent modern novelist has been seen to compose in a room full of company, and, on being asked if the noise did not damp the ardour of imagination, replied, "No, what I write they will read." This strange boast seems justified by the success which often attends very voluminous writers, from Lopez de Vega to Peter Pindar.

The fame of Lopez de Vega appears to have been more indebted to the weight than to the value of his works; and it is singular that the verses hereafter to be cited, express the same daring hopes of his future, founded on his past, success, which are recorded in the anecdote of the fair novelist. Lopez, trusting to the wonderful fluency of his style, and the charming eloquence of his pen, held in scorn all the dramatic specimens which the writers of Greece and Rome have transmitted to us. Vega banished from his plays all considerations of probability, propriety, regularity, decency, decorum, and, in short, every constituent principle which forms a legitimate dramatic composition. It is in vain that we look for, in this dramatist, unity of design, time, or place. The same heroes, during the period of representation, are infants, youths, men, aged, and deceased. They travel, like vagabonds, from the east to the west, from the north to the south, as if they were borne through the air. In one place they fight a battle, in another place they are making love, in another turn friars. One scene is in Flanders, another in Italy, another in Mexico, &c. His serving men talk like courtiers, his princes like blackguards, and his dames of quality like women without character or decency. His actors crowd the stage like so many battalions or regiments. In the representation of his *Baptismo del Principe de Fez*, seventy persons were introduced. His wonderful facility of writing excited the admiration of the vulgar, who were by no means capable of distinguishing the offspring of genius from the abortions of whim and caprice. But let the author speak for himself, and as it is his own cause, perhaps his own words will best appreciate the merits of his own performances. Speaking of those who applauded his comedies,

Mas ninguno, &c.

Whilst readers still I have, I'll still compose,
And own myself no less a fool than those;
All rules of art I'll wantonly defy,
And scorn the taunts of France and Italy.

In another place Vega is still more explicit, in which it appears, that, though he was well acquainted with the rules of the drama, yet that he neglected them for the reasons assigned in the following lines:

Y escrivo por el arte, &c.

To please the vulgar is my boasted art,
To gain applause from crowds, my favourite part,
And as the people's money fills my pouch,
If 'tis their taste, I'll play the Scaramouch.

Vega sacrificed the interest of learning to his own, and did injury to the drama; yet, as there are worse faults in a writer, we may excuse him, as it appears that the poetic genius which inspired his pen was no other than that which Persius, in his prologue to his Satires, has described:

Magister artis, ingenuque largitor
Venter.

There were not wanting, indeed, men of taste and learning, of that age, who severally condemned the irregularities of Vega, and his uniform and absolute neglect of all dramatic precepts. Cervantes assumed this office of censor on Vega, in his Don Quixote, part 1st, chap. 48.

We are indebted to the learned, laborious, and candid Velasquez, for this account of this prodigy in scribbling; for Vega is said to have written twenty-five volumes in folio, each containing twelve plays.

For the Literary Magazine.

MODERN TACTICS.

MARSHAL SAXE, towards the close of his Life, observes, *that war will be some day waged by means of the legs.* This truth has been exemplified by the war that sprung out of the French revolution, but on a grand scale, and accompanied by circumstances which render it nearly novel. The generals of the republic, either occupying or covering an immense extent of country, difficult in point of access, held, as it were, in their hands, and managed without any inconveniency, a vast system of offensive and defensive warfare, as if it had been an engine; acting at the same time on all the outlets of a river or a chain of mountains; menacing all with the view of only attacking one point; manœuvring in the midst of hostile armies, ready to form a junction; attacking them all by turns, and reaping not a single triumph, but a series of victories nearly at the same time.

For the Literary Magazine.

ACRATUS.

IN a recent collection of engravings from antique gems, occurs a sort of winged Bacchus, called Acratus, a genius or spirit of the god of the grape. Might not this hitherto neglected divinity be employed as the emblematic or allegoric personification of brandy? An acratism was the old name for a whet, or cordial. There is this use in an euphemism, that it facilitates sincerity: one cannot say of any woman "she drinks drams," but one might hazard "she is a worshipper of Acratus."

Acratus was the son of Bacchus (alias the grape) and Vesta (alias fire, or the distilling agent.)

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTE OF D'ALEMBERT.

MADAME DE TENCIN, a French woman, was first brought

up in a convent, next a canoness, then a lady of the court and an author, and always a female fond of gallantry and intrigue. The celebrated d'Alembert, whom she abandoned, was the fruit of her amours. He was exposed on the steps leading to the church of St. Roche, and taken care of by a poor glazier, who educated him. His talents, as is well known, obtained celebrity, and he soon began to be considered as one of the first geometricians in Europe. Madame de Tencin's vanity was so much flattered by his extraordinary reputation, that she now wished to recognize him as her son, but he constantly replied, "I have but one mother, and that is the glazier's wife." It ought not to to be omitted, that, even after he had entered into a correspondence with several of the sovereigns of Europe, he continued to live along with his adopted parents, and constantly evinced for them all the marks of respect and tenderness becoming a son.

For the Literary Magazine.

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN MODERN ROME.

ONE might imagine that the inhabitants of a city, so many ages the centre of the catholic religion, educated and governed by priests, and who nourish a host of monks, were either the most religious, devout, and moral, or the most superstitious, bigoted, and fanatical on earth; but, in fact, they are neither. The populace are distinguished neither by the piety nor fanaticism which might be expected to result from the use or abuse of religion. Throughout all ranks superstition indeed reigns; but of late it has been deprived of no small portion of its dominion, by the encroachments of infidelity, of which the revolution, when each one durst appear in his real character, afforded many striking instances. Excessive piety or bigotry is therefore so far from distinguishing the Roman people, that there are few catholic countries where less rigid devotion prevails than at Rome. The German catholic, for instance, the Bavarian or Suabian, the Swiss, the Tyrolese, are much more deeply interested in the performance of their religious duties than the Romans; and the Neapolitan populace have shown the effects of fanatical fury. The disturbances which it excited at Rome were insignificant, and were caused by the priests, who were obliged to employ all the art they had to accomplish their purpose. If the French had designed to reform the catholic faith, or prohibit the exercise of worship, it would have met with less opposition at Rome than in most other catholic countries, especially had they gained the people, by improving their temporal condition. They beheld with indifference the removal of Pius VI from Rome; they joked at the confinement of the cardinals in the convent of the Penitent Magdalen; and rejoiced when the government sent out of the city thousands of foreign priests and monks, for they had long felt the burthen of maintaining those indolent and useless drones. This lukewarmness of the Romans to the papal government, under circumstances, which, in other countries, fanned the sparks of fanaticism into flame, is not easily accounted for. The dazzling *nimbus* of sanctity, which, when beheld at a distance, surrounds the supreme head, and the chiefs of the Romish church, vanishes on a nearer approach. The Roman has too frequent occasion, and is too much accustomed, to see in his popes, when they do not appear clothed with pontifical dignity, nothing but mere men, and to canvas with freedom all their actions. He is acquainted with the private lives of the cardinals, prelates, priests, and monks; and these are not always exemplary and edifying. Pasquin, the celebrated censor of modern Rome, who has for some years been

completely silenced, formerly brandished the scourge over the holy father with the same boldness as over the most shameless Messalina. Many scandalous reports concerning the popes and cardinals are propagated among the people; they well know what an unholy spirit has often pervaded the conclave; they are acquainted with all the cabals, intrigues, and anecdotes to which the election of the popes has given rise; and these afford them no small entertainment. Even the most stupid people, and that term certainly does not apply to the inhabitants of Rome, are at length sensible of the oppression of their rulers when it exceeds the wonted measure. This feeling had been powerfully excited during the last years of the pontificate of Pius VI, in which the condition of the people had become so much worse, that a reform was the ardent and universal wish. No wonder, therefore, if the Roman people were not only tranquil spectators of the overthrow of their government, to which they were attached merely by habit, and not by affection, but likewise rejoiced in security at the mortifications experienced by some of the cardinals, and the *Nipote*, who, being the principal instrument of their oppression, was particularly obnoxious. No wonder, if, with such a disposition, the whole apparatus of miracles, processions, and fast-sermons; if the exhibition of the most sacred relics, and the most solemn consecration of the colours, were incapable of kindling a spark of fanaticism among the people, whose bosoms cherished the hope of a change. On this account, the people of Rome, without being favourable to the French, or actually desirous of a revolution, yet at first made no opposition to it. They wished for an improvement of their condition, and, in the first ebullitions of their joy, would willingly have sacrificed, not their religion, it is true, but a pope, of whom they had long been weary, together with his cardinals, priests, and monks, and would have been content with his curates.

Notwithstanding this, the Roman people are not less firmly attached to their religion, or rather to that which their priests give them as religion—its exterior forms. To the practice of these, a great portion of the day is devoted; and a week seldom passes without the festival of at least one saint. The public worship, particularly on great festivals, is solemnized with all the dazzling pomp and splendour that can be expected only in the residence of the *pontifex maximus* of the catholic church; but, alas! both on the part of the priests and the public, with that mechanical indifference which is the infallible result of the incessant repetition of the same ceremonies. To these ceremonies, however, the people are attached; they have grown into a habit which they cannot relinquish, because they so conveniently fill the vacuity of their indolent minds; and the whole religious education of their youth (if the performance of certain mechanical duties, and the repetition of certain forms of prayer may be termed education) merely tends, through custom, to render these exercises an indispensable necessity, even at a very early age. Besides this, all religious festivals are, at the same time, holidays for the people, and as such are devoted to idleness and pleasure. They therefore love their religion, because it so often relieves them from the oppressive yoke of labour, and favours their propensity to indolence. The extreme attachment of the Roman people to their religious festivals, merely from a love of indolence, is evinced, among other things, by their continuing the celebration of the festivals of saints, abolished by the late pope, and which, because the suppression of paper-money took place about the same time, are denominated *feste demonetate*. The motive for their abolition was, on account of the increased price of all the necessaries of life, to afford the labouring class-

es a greater number of days to earn a subsistence. Notwithstanding this, all the shops are shut on those days, as before; and, if any one works, he is considered by his neighbour as a bad christian, or, according to the present mode of expression, as a *giacobino*.

If this attachment to forms, and a belief in the fables of the priests, can be called religion, then indeed the mass of the people of Rome are in a high degree religious. But if that term be understood to imply a powerful impulse of the soul towards religious sentiments, and a life conformable to that impulse, these qualities, notwithstanding all their religious exercises, will in vain be sought in their character. As the Romish priest regards his office as a trade, so the laity consider the service of God as a daily duty, which they must not omit, but of which they have no occasion to think any farther when once performed. They imagine themselves good christians if they attend mass every day, mutter a certain number of prayers to their beads, give alms, abstain from animal food on fast-days, confess and communicate at the appointed times. How little this is conducive to morality, the manners of the Roman people sufficiently evince. In no place is humanity sunk to deeper degradation and more sordid sensuality than here, where education is in the highest degree neglected, where indolence and begging are consecrated by religion, where justice is dependent on protections, where the murderer, escaping from a drowsy police, finds a secure asylum at altars, or in palaces, and fancies himself relieved from guilt if a priest give him absolution.

If it were possible entirely to eradicate the moral feeling from the minds of men, it must long ago have been banished from Rome. The Roman has no idea of true morality, of the disinterested practice of virtue for its own sake. With him, justice is a mere legal compulsion; honesty a prudential duty, which he performs for his private interest, and violates without hesitation whenever he expects deceit to produce greater advantage; and works of benevolence are a loan to be repaid with the eternal joys of paradise. Nevertheless, the Roman people are not worse than those of other countries; for moral education is every where too much neglected. The innate refinement, which, amid the deep corruption of their morals, is the basis of their character, and their lively sensibility, would probably make amends for the want of a better moral and religious education, were they but subject to a better government. To the papal government alone, to its wretched administration of justice, to its encouragement of indolence, its neglect of industry, its laxity, its slowness, its system of oppression, grounded on the infirmity and depravity of human nature, must be ascribed all the vices of the Romans, their aversion to labour, their propensity to fraud, their sanguinary disposition, their poverty, in fine, their degradation as well physical as moral.

Domestic mode of life.

The domestic economy of the common Roman is very different from that of more northern regions. The mild climate of Italy, which considerably diminishes the number of the necessaries of life, is the principal cause of this, and their houses are constructed accordingly. Thus, for instance, the habitations of the common people have, in general, no passage, but you enter immediately from the street into the room in which they live. The ground-floor, commonly inhabited by people of the lowest class, or occupied as shops by artisans, has, in general, no windows, but the light enters through the open door, and an open iron grating above it. As severe cold is very rare in winter, and even then seldom reaches the freezing-point, all those contrivances which northern nations employ against the cold are here unnecessary. The mildness of the weather

permits the Roman to live during almost the whole year in the open air; he is therefore extremely inattentive to domestic convenience, or to the internal neatness and embellishment of his dwelling, so that his lodging is far inferior to that of the common man elsewhere. A large bed without curtains, composed of a few bundles of straw and a mattrass, and in which commonly the whole family sleep together, a chest, a table, a few chairs, and a small quantity of culinary utensils, all old, and purchased at second hand, constitute the whole of his furniture. He wants neither stove nor chimney in his habitation. A woollen cloak, which even the meanest Roman is not without, is a sufficient protection from the cold, and the women carry a chafing-dish, with which they sit at their doors, recline at the windows, walk in streets, which, the whole winter through, is never out of their hands, and, as their inseparable companion, is denominated *marito*. Even men have recourse to the same method against the cold; and it appears at first a little extraordinary to strangers, to see persons of all conditions, and even military men, with chafing-dishes in their hands in winter, and fans in summer. Parasols, which here appear so necessary, are never used.

His fare is as simple as his furniture. The clime itself imposes the necessity of moderation, and no hard labour demands any particular exertion of his strength. What suffices the common Roman for a whole day would scarcely be a breakfast for a peasant of Saxony or Westphalia; but the latter often does more work before breakfast than the Roman in the whole day. No one keeps in his house the least store of provisions, but every morning purchases a daily supply. A great portion of those domestic offices, which in other countries belong to the wife, are here performed by the husband. Every citizen who keeps no servants, goes to market each morning, before he proceeds to business, for butcher's meat and vegetables, which he afterwards dresses, and brings to table, while the *signora sposa* lies in bed, or sits unemployed, without concerning herself about domestic duties. Few females learn to boil a joint of meat, or to make a shirt. Their domestic occupations consist nearly of the following: she rises late, gazes about her for an hour at the window, in summer handles the cooling fan, and in winter the genial *marito*, keeps up an amorous correspondence, and enters into conversation with her female neighbours, commonly on the subject of her *amori*. There are many exceptions to this rule, particularly among the lower classes; but that management and attention to domestic economy, which is the province of our wives and daughters, would here be sought in vain among the best.

The tables of the great are extremely frugal. You seldom find more than soup, meat, boiled and roasted, vegetables, and a desert of cheese and fruit, even at the table of a *principe*. At night, perhaps, a sallad and eggs, or fruit and bread, constitute the whole *cena*.

During summer, the Roman makes two nights in the twenty-four hours. The heat during the day is so oppressive and relaxing, that the corporeal powers would be entirely exhausted by uninterrupted activity: the nights, on the contrary, are cool and refreshing. For this reason, nobody works in the sultry hours of the afternoon. From one till four all the shops are shut: all hasten to enjoy repose; and the streets, during that interval, are as still and as empty as at night. When the violent heat is past, every one resumes his employment. At the approach of night, the inhabitants pour into the streets and public places of the city, or sit before their doors, to enjoy the agreeable coolness. The corso is full of people till midnight, and bands of merry singers and guitar-players traverse the streets, to serenade their acquaintance or their mistresses.

It is customary here, as in Italy in general, to sleep naked. However indifferent this custom, introduced by the heat of the climate, may appear in itself, it has no small influence on the ideas and manners, of which the latter, as far as regards the relations between the sexes, and female modesty, are much more free here, than in the north of Europe. A principal cause of this freedom appears to be, that the eye is here more accustomed to the sight of the naked figure. How many, especially of the fair sex, are there among us, who have never seen a naked human body, and, from excessive modesty, are even ashamed of the sight of their own! Here, on the contrary, where not only single individuals, or husband and wife, but likewise parents and children, sleep together naked in one bed, where each, from his infancy, is accustomed to see, not only himself, but others, without any clothing, the senses become so habituated to the sight of nakedness, that it is neither avoided with such excessive modesty, nor concealed with such care, as in some other countries.

The half-naked beggars in the streets, who would shock the chaste eyes of our females, are beheld, without the least shyness, by the Roman ladies, however disgusting the spectacle they in general present: and the naked figures in statues and paintings, which so easily inflame the fancy or pervert the moral feelings of those to whom such sights are new, make no more impression on the inhabitants of Rome, either male or female, than figures covered with drapery: their eyes are accustomed to it from their youth. A female with us would rather grant any favour to a man than the view of her unveiled charms, and parents would consider their daughter dishonoured if she exposed her person to the sight of man. On the contrary, a young Roman female would be much more flattered than offended, if an artist were to desire a sight of her figure for his study, and would, perhaps, comply through mere complaisance. It is, therefore, not rare, that poor people, to whom fortune has granted a handsome daughter, make an innocent profit of her charms, and, for a trifle, permit artists to study the naked from her figure. This practice is so little repugnant to delicacy, and has, for ages, been so common in this seat of the imitative arts, that the reputation of a girl, whose conduct is not, in other respects, reprehensible, does not suffer by it. The mother, in these cases, commonly accompanies her daughter to the artist, and watches over her innocence.

The great freedom with regard to the relation between the sexes, at first so striking to the stranger, is, in fact, less prejudicial to manners than might be supposed; for ideas of propriety differ in every country. A Roman lady is much more open in the expression of her ideas and sensations, than our manners would permit; but she thinks no more harm than our females with much greater reserve. When, for instance, a mother relates to her visitor, that her daughter is in love, and is sick of love; when a young female candidly acknowledges that she wishes for a husband; when a woman replies to a question concerning her health, in a company of unmarried people, that she some time since discovered that she was pregnant, and describes her symptoms, or relates the circumstances that attended the birth of her last child, &c.; this openness, so striking to the stranger, is by no means so to the native, who every day hears the same subjects treated in the same manner. No notice whatever is taken of the presence of children, and still less are they sent into another room, as with us, by which injudicious method their curiosity is in general more powerfully excited. Hence children at Rome are early acquainted with the secrets of the sexes. This has no farther prejudicial influence on their moral character; and the solitary vices, which blight in the bud the most promising corporeal powers,

are here much more rare than among us.

Young females are here kept under rigid inspection till they marry, and the intercourse between the sexes is much more restrained than among us. A girl is not suffered to stir from home except in the company of her mother, or some married relative, nor dare she speak to a young man but in the presence of her parents. These precautions may, perhaps, preserve the physical innocence of their daughters, but they are no guarantee for the purity of their minds. Parents, in general, believe they do enough if they exert their vigilance that their daughter may deliver the flower of her virginity uninjured to her future husband; but whether the imagination be pure, and the heart uncorrupted, is not an object of much concern. People of fortune, who wish to be relieved from this troublesome task, frequently place their daughters, at the age of ten or eleven, in a nunnery, where they live secluded from the world, under the discipline of the convent, till Hymen releases them from their confinement. For this reason, a young woman considers the day on which Hymen binds her with indissoluble ties, as that of her liberation, which promises to repay her with usury the joys of life, from which she has been so long withheld; and the god of marriage; satisfied with having tied the knot so firmly, that neither gods nor men can unloose it, beholds with indifference the encroachments of Cupid on his empire; nay, he has even appointed him to a species of viceroyalty, in which, under the protection of custom, he rules uncontrouled, and of which Hymen himself is no longer able to dispossess him.

Cicisbeism, a custom which allows a married woman to chuse another male confidant besides her husband, and who, in this quality, is stiled the lady's *cavaliere servente*, is common, not only among people of high rank, but even those of the middling class. Many condemn this custom, as the baneful consequence of corrupted manners, and as itself contributing to that corruption; others maintain that it is innocent, like many other customs peculiar to different nations. Each grounds his opinion on his knowledge of the matter, and on his sentiments concerning conjugal duty and fidelity. It is possible that this custom may assume a different character in the different large towns of Italy. At Rome, no impartial Roman will deny, that the *cavaliere servente* is, in most instances, the favoured lover of his lady. What can be more natural? With the mutual indifference of husband and wife, the infallible consequence of marriages of mere convenience; with the ardent disposition of the Roman women, who are not accustomed to sacrifice their heart, nor even their fancy, to that phantom, conjugal fidelity; with the seductive examples of universal custom, which sanctions this connection, and allows the *cavaliere servente* unlimited permission to see his lady, without witnesses, at any time and hour of the day, and even imposes on him the duty of amusing her, it can scarcely be conceived that the favourite object sighs long in vain. The lady, conformably to her prerogative, chuses and changes, according to her taste and humour, the person who is to occupy this post, while her husband does not enjoy even the privilege of giving his vote; and as he well knows that his *veto* is useless, and would only make the evil worse, he gives his tacit consent to her choice; and, to indemnify himself for the prejudice to his conjugal rights, becomes the *cavaliere servente* of some other lady. The duties of a *cavaliere servente* are: to attend his mistress every morning at her toilette; to accompany her during the day, when and whither she pleases; to provide her with constant amusement; to attend her to the promenade, to the *conversazione*, to the theatre, to mass, &c.; to gratify all her wishes and caprices. Among the Roman nobility, this custom is so general, that it would be considered a violation of

the *bon ton* were a lady to appear in public in the company of her husband. There are, nevertheless, some instances among the highest ranks, of a wife having such an attachment for her husband, and such nobleness of sentiments, as to chuse none but him for her *cavaliere servente*. These, however, are but few, and, by the rest of the world, considered as eccentric. Either nobles or commoners, married or unmarried, may be *cavalieri servente;* nobles to the wives of commoners, and the latter to the ladies of noblemen. In this order personal merit is the only recommendation. Young prelates, who are in general the younger sons of noble families, and who, on account of their clerical character, are held in particular respect, principally occupy these posts near ladies of the highest rank. A young prelate, or *monsignore*, enjoys, in ecclesiastical Rome, the same superiority over laymen, as, in warlike Berlin or Vienna, an officer of the *corps de gendarmes*, or of the noble Hungarian guards, over *civilians*. The all-confounding revolution operated a sudden change in this system. The violet stockings and rustling cloaks of the *abates* were dispersed like chaff before the wind, by the tri-coloured cockade. Complete anarchy succeeded in the empire of cicisbeism. The corps of *cavaliere servente* was every where driven from the field by the victorious French; and in a few weeks, after the fair Roman ladies had recovered from their first alarm, all the vacant places were filled with republicans, who, ignorant of the duties and privileges of the station, in this case also grounded their republican system merely on the principles of the rights of nature. The success exceeded expectation. All the young and handsome women in Rome became republicans with soul and body.

The Roman nobility are more fond of pomp and exterior ostentation than of real enjoyment and domestic convenience. In the latter they therefore go to very little expence, and are lavish only on the former. When a family has the gratification to see one of its members elected the head of the church, its most important object, next to that of speedily enriching itself, is the construction of a large and magnificent palace. No expence is spared, either for the building or the furniture. The finest antique columns and statues, the rarest kinds of marble, furnished in past ages by the classic ground of Rome in such abundance, that all its churches and palaces are profusely embellished with them, together with the newest and most costly inventions of the reigning mode, are employed for this purpose; and the edifice, which is perhaps some years in building, consumes a considerable portion of the sums which pour from the public revenues into the coffers of the *nipote*. Scarcely is the expensive structure completed, scarcely has the newly-ennobled family taken possession of the splendid mansion, when the pope dies, and with his life ceases the stream of their wealth, which flowed for too short a period to insure the permanent affluence of the family. At least, however, the monument of their prosperity remains; its splendid architecture, and its rich but old-fashioned furniture, attest the former opulence, and the present reduced circumstances of its possessor. Such is the origin of almost all the large and magnificent palaces erected at Rome during the three last centuries. Though grand and superb in the plan, rich in embellishment, and costly in the furniture, they are destitute of domestic convenience, and exhibit not the least trace of what the Englishman calls *comfortable*. Most of these proud masses stand empty, and the rich antique furniture moulders in dust. Some of the first families, such as that of Borghese, Doria, Colonna, Massini, &c., whose prosperity was grounded on a permanent foundation, are the only exceptions. In their palaces reign princely magnificence and genuine Roman *grandezza*, in the taste of the present age.

To the splendour of the great at Rome belongs a numerous retinue of servants in showy liveries. Every cardinal and *principe* is obliged to keep at least thrice the number of domestics that he has any actual occasion for; for on festival occasions they are indispensably necessary for his state. These drones pass the greatest part of the day in the hall of the palace, in playing at cards, or lie loitering at full length on the benches. Such a numerous train of domestics are but a comparatively small expence to their masters; their wages are so low, that not even a single man, and much less a family, can subsist upon them. To make amends for this wretched pay, they calculate on perquisites; for here prevails the beggarly custom, that, after every visit paid by a native or foreigner to the house of a man of rank, the servants, or, as they are here denominated, *la familia*, wait upon him the following morning, to demand the *mancia*. Besides this, at Rome, where every thing is obtained by patronage, the valet of a cardinal or Roman prince is no insignificant person, and, when such a fellow has insinuated himself into his master's favour, he becomes a man of so much importance, that even people of respectability do not disdain to court his favour.

Whoever receives a recommendation to any family of distinction at Rome, is received with civility; and it commonly depends on the stranger himself whether he chuses to cultivate this acquaintance. But he must not expect to find here the cordial hospitality of Hamburgh or Vienna. The attentions paid him by the master of the house are these: he gives him a general invitation to his *conversazione*, and takes care that the stranger who is recommended to him shall be invited to all the social circles within his sphere, to the *conversaziones*, card-parties, and academies of his acquaintance. It is not customary to ask a stranger to dinner. The Roman is too economical to put himself to expence for the sake of another, without absolute necessity. To receive an invitation to dinner from a Roman, you must either be his intimate friend, or have rendered him some special service, or he must expect a similar return. Only some very extraordinary occasion, for instance the presence of strangers of high rank, can induce the nobility to give an entertainment; but when such a case occurs, they make it a point of honour to treat their distinguished guest with the utmost magnificence, and the entertainments and festivities display princely elegance and profusion.

For the Literary Magazine.

REVIEW.

Letters from Europe, during a Tour through Switzerland and Italy, in the Years 1801 *and* 1802. *By a Native of Pennsylvania.* 2 *vols.* 8vo. Joseph Sansom

THE writer of these letters acquaints us, in a short advertisement, that they form a part of a correspondence which originally comprehended France and England, and gives us some hope of seeing, on a future occasion, these great nations depicted in the style and spirit of the present performance. This work confines itself principally to Switzerland and Italy, one the land of natural wonders, and the other of the wonders of art. It commences with a rapid and lively account of the journey from Paris to Basil, in Switzerland, in which the author merely dwells upon personal incidents, by which, however, we are taught that those artifices to extort money, common on every road, are by no means unknown and unpractised on those of France. On reaching Basil, he assumes the descriptive pen, and gives us a brief view of the present state of that town, with some allusions to its ancient history. From Basil the traveller proceeds, through Rheinfelden and Baden, to

Zurich, from whence he sets out, with one companion, on a pedestrian journey through the lesser cantons. After an extensive circuit, they returned to Zurich, and immediately prepared for the passage of the Alps into Italy. After passing the mountains, and descending into Lombardy, the traveller ascends, in imagination, to the highest of the alpine summits, and takes what he calls a bird's-eye-view of Switzerland.

It would be impossible to give, within the narrow limits to which the author confines himself, a very particular description of the objects which occur in this tour. His purpose does not go beyond a rapid and vivid sketch, in which historical recollections are combined with present appearances. The track he pursues is the one most familiar to itinerant curiosity, and the objects which arrest his attention are chiefly such as have been touched upon by preceding travellers. His views of things, however, are far from being trite or hackneyed. With all his speed as a traveller, and brevity as a describer, he is not deficient in originality. His colours, though true to nature, are not borrowed from others; though all his objects have been painted, sometimes much more circumstantially, by others, yet *his points of view* are entirely his own.

Basil, where the writer properly commences his account, he describes, with his accustomed conciseness, as "a little, old-fashioned town, situated on both sides of the Rhine, which is here a *boatable* stream."——"There is nothing gay at Basil but this beautiful stream, and the wooden bridge that crosses it, enlivened with the necessary intercourse of the two quarters of the town: for the streets of Basil are unfrequented by the busy, and the chief amusement of the idle is to reconnoitre the silent avenues from the projecting lattices, the use of which a stranger cannot immediately divine." The author here excites a curiosity, which he does not gratify, unless he means to hint that these projectures are designed merely for reconnoitering.

Rheinfelden the author rapidly but vividly sketches as "a narrow street of ten houses on a side, blocked up at each end by a gateway, and hemmed in by a wall, or a precipice, at the foot of which rolls a torrent, beneath a covered bridge."

The following picture of the German frontier of Switzerland is a just specimen of the writer's manner:

"This part of Switzerland is hilly, but not mountainous; cultivated, but not fertile; inhabited, but not populous; and exhibits nothing more remarkable to a foreign eye than the beggars idling upon the road, and the women, in short petticoats and black caps, at work in the field."

Zurich forms, under this writer's pencil, a striking picture. It is also a more extensive one than any he has given, while he lingers within the confines of Switzerland. A few sentences are dedicated to the life and death of Lavater, the great ornament of Zurich, in which, however, the cause of his death is not explained with sufficient precision. In an excursion from Zurich, the traveller leads us to Berne, Neuchatel, Moutiers, Travers, where we have a sketch of Rousseau, the lake of Thun, Unterseen, Brientz, Alpnach, and Zug; and after a circuit of three hundred miles, chiefly performed on foot, he returns to Zurich.

From Zurich he proceeds through Sweetz, Brunnon, Fluellen, to the foot of St. Goddard. The passage of the mountain is described with more than his usual minuteness, and forms an interesting picture, in which some travelling incidents, descriptive of the manners of the country, are combined with sketches of the picturesque and allusion to historical events. After a short excursion into the Grison country, the account of which is given in a few sentences, they proceed to the summit of the mountain, and from thence to the plains of the Milanese.

The portion of the work appropriated to Switzerland concludes with a sketch, in which the author gives us the general results of his immediate observations and his reading, in relation to that interesting country. This picture has considerable merit. The outlines and surface of the country are described in a glowing and picturesque style, and the canvas is not destitute of political, geographical, and economical particulars.

Travellers are actuated by curiosity as diverse as are the various paths of human knowledge. Most of them are necessarily limited to general and popular views, by the mere circumstance of being strangers and passengers in the countries which they describe. While they proceed, their eye is of course attracted to a particular class of objects, agreeably to the habitual and previous bent of their minds.

Some travellers can see nothing but the ground beneath them, and while their attention is employed in examining the chemical properties of its clays and stones, the height and direction of its hills, waters, and vallies, they seem unconscious of meeting in their way with towns and villages, men and women.

Another class of travellers imagine nothing worthy their attention but the forms of vegetable organization. Their eye is caught, not by the houses or their inhabitants, but by the tree which grows before the door. On entering a farm or village, they are careful to take a list of every green thing which rises spontaneously from the ground, and which grows from the congenial soil, in spite of the enmity or negligence of mankind. That class of plants which the natives themselves value and cherish, they despise or overlook, and reserve all their affection for such as are banished by the former to wastes and deserts. The wealth with which they load themselves are merely the leaves and seeds of plants, whose barren or noxious character, whose homely or disagreeable appearance, or whose rare occurrence, make them persecuted or neglected by the actual tenants of the soil.

A third class of travellers are filled with the importance of laws and government. These they deem the grand dispensers of happiness and misery, and occupy themselves in nothing but in tracing the ways in which political authority is divided and distributed, and crimes scrutinized or punished. They do not dig into banks, toil up precipices, or dive into bushes: but they penetrate into public offices, seek the conversation of magistrates, and pry into books of laws and constitutions.

The agriculturists or economists are apt to fancy that the number and domestic condition of the human beings who reside in the country are objects most worthy of attention; and as these have an intimate dependence on the kind and quantity of such products of the earth, whether animal or vegetable, as compose the food, clothing, or habitation of men, and which are either raised or wrought in the country, or carried out of, or brought into it, their whole attention is directed to the state of agriculture, commerce, and the arts; the number, distribution, and real domestic condition of the people. While they compliment this kind of curiosity with being more dignified and noble in itself, they also claim for it the attribute of superior utility. They pretend that the instruction which they gather on these points, in other countries, is capable of beneficial application in their own country. By tracing the good and evil effects of certain practices and institutions abroad, they are enabled to enlighten the understanding and reform the conduct of their countrymen at home.

There is another class of travellers, who may be called the men of taste. In the aspects of nature, these observers discover nothing but the parts of a picture, to which they annex no other value or importance than as they surprise or

delight the fancy, by their beauty or sublimity. They examine the structure or position of towns, cottages, and villages, of rocks, vallies, and rivers, not in their relation to human comfort, accommodation, or subsistence, but merely as they illustrate certain laws of the picturesque. Before they judge or comprehend a scene, they must transfer it to canvas, and they esteem or despise merely on the principles by which a judicious pencil is guided in embracing or rejecting its objects. In the works of art, they contemptuously overlook the *useful*, and confine all their homage to the *fine*. They hie not to the workshops of smiths and taylors, but to churches, galleries, and cabinets. The wonders of the pencil and the chisel, the monuments of architecture, and perhaps the enchantments of theatres and concerts, occupy them wholly. As the reliques of antiquity in the southern and western parts of Europe are qualified, by their grandeur or beauty, to delight the fancy, they are particularly diligent in exploring and examining these, and this circumstance continually leads them into historical details and disquisitions. Each town or valley, though tame and unsightly at present, is surveyed with uncommon interest, as the theatre of some memorable incident in former times.

We need scarcely observe, that no traveller completely exemplifies those distinctions. There is no one that entirely limits his attention to one class of objects, but one class of objects is sure to predominate. A man, indeed, must possess capacities and powers more than human, who can view, with equal zeal and intelligence, the great picture of the world, on every one of its numberless sides. There is always one light in which it lays irresistible claim to his attention; and though we may reasonably admire and applaud, if it engage his curiosity in more lights than one, yet it would be presumptuous and absurd to condemn or despise him for being equal only to a single view. As to the comparative merit of objects, it would be equally presumptuous to decide between them; and ordinary justice and candour will induce us to allow value and importance to every class of objects, and pay respectful homage to every kind of curiosity.

A reader, before he opens the volumes now before us, naturally inquires to what class of travellers the writer belongs. It will be asked whether he is a mineralogist or botanist, a political observer, an economist and agriculturalist, or a lover of the picturesque, a man of taste and an antiquarian. On examining his work, he will immediately be found to be of the latter class: one whose attention is chiefly confined to architecture, sculpture, and painting, and to the picturesque and natural objects. In these points of view, Switzerland and Italy are so rich, that a score of volumes like the present would be insufficient to exhaust their treasures. This traveller may claim no small praise for condensing so various and multitudinous a spectacle into such narrow limits; for selecting such objects as are pre-eminently interesting; and sharing his own attention, and that of his readers, among them, in proportion to their value and importance.

But though this work be chiefly, it is by no means wholly, occupied with the observations of the *man of taste*. We have several lively sketches of manners and customs, and a very clear and satisfactory, though concise and summary, abstract of the history of the christian church, from the earliest times to the present. The writer was prompted to this essay by the general ignorance which prevails among his countrymen on this head; and those severe students, whom the rudeness and simplicity of American manners render insensible to the charms of the pencil and chisel, will find some interest in this descant.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

RECENT EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

A NEW society has been lately instituted, under the title of the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London, the leading objects of which are to promote a spirit of harmony among the members of the profession, and to serve as a centre for the communication of papers, which, from time to time, will be given to the public. The following names of the officers and council will justify the highest expectations of the advantages to science which are likely to result from this institution: president, William Saunders, M. D., F. R. S.; John Abernethy, Esq., F. R. S., vice-president; Charles Rochemont Aikin, Esq., secretary; William Babington, M. D., F. R. S., vice-president; Matthew Baillie, M. D., F. R. S.; Thomas Bateman, M. D., F. L. S.; Gilbert Blane, M. D., F. R. S.; sir William Blizard, F. R. S., vice-president; John Cooke, M. D., F. A. S., vice-president; Astley Cooper, Esq., F. R. S., treasurer; James Curry, M. D., F. A. S.; sir Walter Farquhar, bart., M. D.; Thompson Forster, Esq.; Algernon Frampton, M. D.; John Heaviside, Esq., F. R. S.; Alexander Marcet, M. D., foreign secretary; David Pitcairne, M. D., F. R. S.; Henry Revell Reynolds, M. D., F. R. S.; H. Leigh Thomas, Esq.; James Wilson, Esq. F. R. S.; John Yelloly, M. D., secretary. This society will commence its meetings in the month of October next, at its apartments in Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, where communications and donations of books are requested to be sent, directed to the secretaries.

Dr. James Playfair, principal of the United College of St. Andrew's, has circulated proposals for publishing by subscription a Complete System of Geography, Ancient and Modern, in six volumes, quarto. The whole of the work being ready for the press, the first volume will be published as soon as a competent number of subscribers is obtained, and the subsequent volumes will appear without any unnecessary delay. Each volume is to contain between seven and eight hundred pages, and will be accompanied by eight or ten ancient and modern maps, elegantly engraved by the most eminent artists in Britain, and designed to form a separate atlas. The professor has been nearly thirty years engaged in perfecting this great design.

The first number of a new work is in the press, under the title of the Academical Magazine, written by a member of the university of Oxford. This magazine is intended to contain distinct treatises for the use of schools, upon various branches of literature, particularly upon arithmetic, English grammar, geography, history, mathematics, Latin, and Greek.

Mr. Elmes, the architect, is engaged upon a poem, in blank verse, on the Progress of Architecture, consisting of three books, viz. Egypt, Greece, and Rome, wherein he traces its progress through those three grand dynasties of art and classical architecture; and illustrates his poem with copious notes, analogous episodes, and historical anecdotes. Two of them, Egypt and Greece, are finished, and the entire work will be published early in the ensuing winter.

The Unitarian Society, instituted in London about fifteen years since, for the purpose of promoting christian knowledge and the practice of virtue, have lately reprinted several very scarce and valuable works, among which are the late Mr. Hugh Farmer's Dissertation on Miracles; his Essay on the Demoniacs mentioned in the New Testament; and his Dissertation on Christ's Temptation in the Wilderness; also, the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey's Conversations on the Divine Government, ment, and on Christian Idolatry, and his Farewell Discourse to the Inhabitants of Catterick, in Yorkshire.

Mr. Holcroft intends shortly to present the public with a novel, the object of which is to show the evil effects of gaming.

The Rev. Henry Boyd, translator of Dante, has nearly ready for publication the Woodman's Tales, and other poems. He has also made considerable progress in a Translation of the Select Tragedies of Alfiero.

Mr. Adams, the riding-master, is about to publish a new work on horsemanship, in three volumes, octavo.

Mr. Playfair will shortly publish a new edition of Dr. Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, with Notes and Supplementary Chapters.

Mr. Salmon, author of Stemmata Latinitatis, proposes to publish Investigations on the Origin of French Particles, similar in plan to the Diversions of Purley.

The translator of the Basia of Joannes Dellius, surnamed the Hermit, intends to send to the press a considerably enlarged and improved edition of the Basia, in one volume, elegantly printed. He has had the good fortune to meet with the third and last edition of the Basia of our hermit-poet, which contains upwards of forty kisses, accompanied with a preface, and some particulars relative to the author.

The bishop of St. Asaph is about to publish a work on Virgil's two Seasons of Honey, and his Season of Sowing Wheat, with a New Method of Investigating the Risings and Settings of the Fixed Stars.

An experienced wool-stapler will shortly publish a Treatise on the Essential Qualities of Wool, and the Objects to be attended to by the Grower for the Improvement of the British Fleece.

A Series of Aphorisms, translated from the Arabic, with a Commentary and Notes by the Translator, is in the press.

Mr. James Briggs will shortly lay before the public Practical Observations on the Principal Diseases of the Eyes, illustrated by Cases, translated from the Italian of Antonio Scarpa.

Mr. Donovan is printing an Epitome of the Natural History of the Insects of New Holland, New Zealand, New Guinea, Otaheite, and other Islands in the Indian, Southern, and Pacific Oceans; including the figures and descriptions of one hundred and fifty-two species of the most splendid, beautiful, and interesting insects hitherto discovered in those countries.

Messrs. Hobson and Sylvester, of Sheffield, have discovered that zinc is in fact a malleable metal. At a temperature between 210° and 300° of Fahrenheit, zinc yields to the hammer, and may be wire-drawn by keeping it at this temperature during the mechanical operation. An oven, or a hollow metallic vessel, kept at a due heat, may be used for the pieces of zinc, in the same manner as the smith's forge is used for iron and steel. Zinc, after having been thus annealed and wrought, continues soft, flexible, and extensible, and does not return to its former partial brittleness, but may be bended and applied to the uses for which zinc has hitherto been thought unfit, such as the fabrication of vessels, the sheathing of ships, &c.

Mr. Spencer, of Bow, has invented a marine spencer. The spencer is a girdle of canvas, 4 feet 6 inches long, and 18 inches broad, well stuffed with cork-shavings; this is fastened loosely about the body with straps and buckles, and, to prevent its slipping too low, two strong tapes are brought over the shoulders, which fasten also with buckles. The first cost of this apparatus will not exceed five shillings; and, from many experiments made at sea, it will effectually preserve any person from drowning. In cases of persons falling overboard, any one unacquainted with the art of swimming, if furnished with a marine spencer, might safely leap after them, and keep them from sinking, until a boat could be launched. A corner of a seaman's locker, says the inventor, could not be better employed than in containing one of these spencers. It would be a de-

sirable appendage to the life-boat, in cases where the whole crew could not be taken in at once; and any number of persons furnished with these might be floated ashore, attached to the boat with small cords.

A committee of the medical council of the Royal Jennerian Society have been appointed to inquire into the nature and evidence of those cases of small-pox which are said to have taken place subsequently to cow-pox, and which have excited prejudices against vaccine inoculation.

It is well known that melons frequently, in certain situations, lose their circular form, and grow larger on one side than the other, and that these mishapen fruits are always bad. To remedy this, take a small forked stick, in proportion to the size of the melon, and thrust it into the ground as nearly as possible to the tail of the fruit, taking the precaution to lay a little moss between the two prongs, and suspend the melon to this fork. In a few days the melon will resume its form, when the fork may be removed, and the operation is finished. The quality of the fruit remains unchanged.

A machine has lately been invented by Mr. Thompson, one of the Peebleshire volunteers, for cleaning gravel walks. It turns, rakes, and rolls the gravel by the same operation. A small poney will do as much of the work in one hour as could be performed by a dozen men in a day.

Mr. James Hamilton, formerly an eminent bookseller of London, is about to commence an English periodical work at Hamburg, and to open an establishment, by means of which English literature may obtain readier access to the continent. At present, few English books are circulated abroad, except through the expensive medium of the post-office.

Garnerin, in his thirty-fifth ascent from Moscow, saw, for the first time, an image of his balloon formed in the clouds, in very bright prismatic colours. When at the height of 12,000 feet he galvanized himself, and observed flashes of light.

Dr. Robert Burton, of Bent, in the state of Virginia, has succeeded in curing the hydrophobia by copious bleeding and the use of mercury.

A case of the yellow fever has been recently cured in Jamaica by sweating in the steam of hot sugar. The lad upon whom this experiment was made was placed close to the steams of the coppers, which had an instantaneous and happy effect. The pulse fell from 100 to 70 in a few minutes; the sweat poured off in streams; his head was immediately relieved; and he did not complain of being too hot, notwithstanding a breath of air could not enter the room, and he was surrounded with the steam of sugar from all the coppers. The process was repeated the next day, after which the patient put on his clothes, came down stairs, said he was quite well, and eagerly called for food.

M. Pacchiani, of Pisa, has discovered that the radical of muriatic acid is hydrogen. By taking from water, by means of the galvanic pile, a portion of its oxygen, he asserts, that the water was converted into oxymuriatic acid, and that consequently muriatic acid is hydrogen at its minimum of oxidation; the oxymuriatic acid, hydrogen in the middle state; and water, hydrogen at its maximum of oxidation.

M. Proust says, that the sulphate of copper and the nitrate, with a minimum of acid, verdigris, the native and artificial muriates, cendre blue, the carbonate, &c., all yield to potash both their acids and hydrites. Potash, tinged with hydrate of copper, throws down the hydrate on being mixed with water, and all the oxydo-alkaline solutions follow the same law. Slaked lime, shaken in a bottle with carbonate of copper and water, produces a fine cendre blue in about twelve hours; after which, as lime deprives potash of its carbonic acid entirely, and potash is one of the strongest attractors of acids known, it is impossible that

it should not have the same power over an oxyde, and that oxyde possessed of the weakest attraction of any.

M. Bergmann, a Livonian clergyman, advantageously known by the account of his travels, and his residence for several years among the Calmucks, intended to set off on a new tour among the nations inhabiting Upper Asia, of whom very little is at present known. We have the greater reason to expect the most satisfactory results from this enterprise, as M. Bergmann is complete master of the languages of most of the nations he intends to visit.

M. Giesecke, a Prussian mineralogist, has been for some time at Copenhagen. It is thought that the government is about to send him to Greenland upon mineralogical inquiries.

M. Herman, professor of natural history at Dorpat, is about to make a second tour through a part of Russian Finland, in company with a capital draughtsman. On his return, it is expected that he will publish an account of both his tours.

The hound's-tongue (*cynoglossum officinale* of Linnæus) has been found, by M. Boreux, to possess a valuable quality. If gathered at the period when the sap is in its full vigour, bruised with a hammer, and laid in a house, barn, granary, or other place frequented with rats and mice, these destructive animals immediately shift their quarters.

The National Institute has elected M. Burckhardt to fill the seat in the section of astronomy, vacant by the death of M. Mechain. They have also appointed M. Millin keeper of the cabinet of antiques, in the room of M. Camus, deceased.

M. Sachetti, secretary of the Italian academy, and M. Targioni, have undertaken a literary magazine at Florence.

M. Laquiaine has made several improvements in the *camera obscura*. By means of an inclined mirror, bodies are magnified to such a degree, that a miniature-picture acquires the dimensions of the human figure. Another contrivance places objects which appear reversed in their natural position. In short, a solar microscope, adapted to the upper part of the *camera*, renders it capable of being employed in the open air.

M. Poulleau has invented a musical instrument, which he calls the orchestrino, which professes to unite the brilliance and expression of the harpsichord and piano forte with the softness of the human voice.

M. de Ries, adjutant-general of the king of Denmark, has invented a new instrument, called topognomon, by means of which you may discover the east in the darkest night, and point out a place where there is a light, though you cannot perceive it. This invention is capable of being of the greatest importance in war, and particularly in sieges. The same officer has likewise invented an instrument, by means of which, in a given place, and in profound darkness, you may ascertain the moment when a vessel sails from port.

M. Oegg, formerly vicar of the cathedral of Wurzburg, has submitted to the electoral committee at Munich a new invention, by means of which all kinds of mills may be set in motion, without the aid of water. He has offered to execute one of these machines, on condition that an exclusive privilege, for twenty years, should be granted to him.

The newspapers of London are published either every morning or evening, except on a Sunday; or three times a week in the evening; or twice a week; on Saturday evening, or Sunday morning. At the lowest average of a week together, thirty thousand papers are sold daily, and about twenty-four thousand on a Sunday. These cost the public an expence of about seven hundred and fifty pounds a day for papers; and the expence for the insertion of advertisements may be about two hundred pounds a day. The total sum, for one year, is full four hundred thousand pounds ster-

ling. It may be stated, that the intelligence in these London newspapers are, in other parts of Great Britain and Ireland, copied into about a hundred weekly papers, of which a hundred and eighty thousand are also printed. Thus it will be found, that the people of these kingdoms pay, annually, about eight hundred thousand pounds sterling for newspaper intelligence. One half of that sum may be taken as the gross amount of the tax levied by government upon this favourite article of luxury. The remaining four hundred thousand pounds are paid for the literature and knowledge of the newspapers; for the mechanical and mercantile labour requisite to diffuse that knowledge and literature in print; and as interest upon the capital employed in this trade.

There are at present in Paris 455 booksellers, 340 printers, 138 bookbinders, 41 stitchers, 327 engravers, 85 copperplate printers, 49 printsellers, and 71 old book shops; 240 sellers of lemonade, 200 keepers of cook-shops, 630 wine merchants, 146 perfumers, 154 lottery-office keepers, and 975 actors, actresses, singers, dancers, &c.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

WINTER.

CHILL Winter has come, with fierce Boreas in train,
The streams are congealed, and despoiled the plain,
The flocks are confin'd to the fold;
'Tis his reign, and all nature proclaims it around,
From the grove to the snow-bird that hops on the ground,
As though it was proof against cold.

The daughters of gaiety smile on his face;
'Tis their season for pleasure: taste, beauty, and grace
In the ball-room most happ'ly unite,
While the maid of the village, more happy than they,
Array'd in her homespun, is wrapt in the sleigh,
Nor sighs for a greater delight.

The victims of sorrow, too, hail his return;
'Tis a solace to see nature languish and mourn,
To droop like their desolate hearts;
The loud pelting hail borne along by the wind
Is the music they love, it accords with the mind,
And something like pleasure imparts.

Not so the poor widow; she shrinks from the storm,
With little to cherish her infants, or warm,
Unlike to the days that have past,
When he, her protector, her comfort, her stay,
Ever cheered his home at the close of the day,
And shut out the pitiless blast.

And Misery's offspring, the wretchedly poor,
Where Want, the pale vagrant, stands guard at the door,
The approach of December must dread,
While inur'd to hunger, and inur'd to woe,
With scarcely a shelter to keep out the snow,
They creep to a half cover'd bed.

Yet some possess wealth, and can treasure it by,
Or lavish on trifles that please but the eye,
Unfeeling, alas! as they are,
What would comfort the hearts of the feeble and old,
The widow and orphan, unus'd to the cold;
But they think they have nothing to spare.

ELIZA.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADDRESS TO POVERTY.

O, POVERTY, rude and oppressive ill!
Whom all would fly, the world combin'd in one!
Why, uninvok'd, art thou intrusive still,
When I thy baleful presence, too, would shun?
Not that I see thy wan, thy haggard face,
Makes me accost thee as an inmate here;
Nor do I round thy deep press'd footsteps trace,
Yet want not proof that thou art lurking near.
Go, go, I pray thee, don't approach more nigh;
For though I've sometimes given to thee a sigh,
'Twas not from love but pity's source it flow'd:
Then pray retire, far, far from my abode.

Not that thou art in homely garb array'd,
The scorn of ignorance and tinsel'd pride;
For I've observ'd thee in the humble shade,
And known thee oft to innate worth allied:
For did not Lucy's home reflect thy face?
Yet there dwelt genuine virtue, genuine grace.
O, that my mind had prov'd so rich a soil,
Though clad in russet, and inur'd to toil;
Though mark'd thy own, and shunn'd by all around,
Or as a slave, with cruel fetters bound,
Great in myself, I would have priz'd the meed,
The precious gift that made me rich indeed.
But not more barren is the pebbled shore,
Which each revolving billow washes o'er,
Than the impoverish'd, truly desert mind,
That was to me by destiny consign'd.
Since nought is here to compensate for woe,
Produc'd by thee, I pray thee from me go.
For should you victim to thy ruthless power,
With feeble limbs, and sunk, deploring eye,
E'er call again, thy hardened brow might lour;
And I, compell'd, her little boon deny.
A cause there is, still nearer to my heart,
Makes me more anxious that thou shouldst depart;
'Tis true that I once deem'd thee not an ill,
O that, alas! I could but think so still;
The change is witness'd by the tears that flow;
Ah, go! thou art to me a source of woe.
Those who can pass the crowd with thee resign'd,
Believe me, should possess an angel's mind;
Then go; ah, go, and take thy last farewel;
With strength of mind and happy genius dwell!

SABINA.

For the Literary Magazine.

ELEGY.

FROM whence, dear Maria, this woe-speaking air,
This fainting appearance of anguish of mind?
"Know you not?" she replied, with a look of despair,
And her cheek, as she spoke, on her hand was reclin'd.

"Did you see not the concourse that mov'd on so slow?
O no! in your eye there's no trace of a tear!
You saw not the sable, the trappings of woe,
You saw not the dead borne along on the bier!

"Orlando, who left us, his country to save,
The foremost in valour, in battle array,
No more is a soldier, for borne to the grave
Is all that remain'd of his beautiful clay.

"Our Washington calls you, my darling, my son,
His mother repeated, suppressing a sigh;
Away, and partake of the laurel that's won;
Lead on the contest, or conquer or die.

"I haste to obey, best of parents, he said,
And his mother was clasp'd in a tender embrace;
And thou, my lov'd Bertha, too timorous maid,
Whose anxious forebodings are mark'd on thy face,

"Say something, dear girl, that may comfort impart,
When thy idoliz'd form is no longer in view;
Say something that's tender to comfort my heart,
Or a tear may dishonour a soldier's adieu.

"To thee, before Heaven, I've plighted my vow,
And what more is left me, my Bertha, to say?
The arm that so fondly encircles thee now,
Ere long at thy feet a rich trophy shall lay.

"Oh, weep not, for Heaven again will restore
Thy Orlando to filial affection and thee;
These arms shall encircle my Bertha once more,
And her son deck'd with laurel my mother shall see.

"Prepared in martial array to depart,
He look'd as if born the proud foe to subdue;
He smil'd, but the smile did not spring from his heart,
For he smil'd through a tear, when he bade us adieu.

"Too soon he return'd, oh, how tortur'd with pain!
From his presence so lov'd his friends shrunk in dismay,
For the sword wielding arm had been left on the plain,
And the hand, youthful hand of the left shot away.

"Though pillow'd by arms lay his languishing form,
Though wasted his cheek, and though faded his eye,
Yet true to affection, his heart was still warm,
No longer to love was the same as to die.

"O raise me, my Bertha, more near to thy heart,
O press me more close, to thy bosom more near,
To my poor icy heart thine a warmth may impart,
When struggling with death, thy lov'd presence will cheer.

"Nor weep, belov'd mother, the death of thy son!
For what could life prove to me now but an ill?
No arm I've to share in a victory won,
Nor any for thee or my Bertha to fill.

"Such, such were the accents of kindness that fell
From his cold, trembling lips, 'till all utt'rance was o'er;
Such, such was the tender, the final farewel
Of the youth, gentle youth, we shall never see more.

"Ah! why so intently thus gaze on my eye?
For the language of hearts mine were never design'd;
Unfeeling, or frozen, their sources are dry,
They have nothing to do with the grief of my mind."

Though year after year has revolv'd upon year,
Each ush'ring events nearly allied to pain,
Since the youthful Orlando, so ev'ry way dear,
Receiv'd his death wound on the blood-embrued plain,

Still mem'ry pourtrays the expression of woe
Engrav'd on the eloquent, soul-painted face
Of the heart-moving mourner, who seem'd not to know
That anguish of soul dries the tear-holding vase.

SABINA.

For the Literary Magazine.

A SONG.

THE blithest bird that sings in *May*,
Was ne'er more blithe, was ne'er more gay,
Than I, ah well-a-day!
Ere *Colin* yet had learn'd to sigh,
Or I to guess the reason why;
Oh love! ah well-a-day!

We kiss'd, we toy'd, but neither knew
From whence those fond endearments grew,
Till I, ah well-a-day!
By time and other swains made wise,
Began to talk of hearts, and eyes,
And love, ah well-a-day!

Kind nature now took *Colin*'s part,
My eyes inform'd against my heart;
My heart, ah well-a-day!
Strait glow'd with thrilling sympathy,
And echo'd back each gentle sigh,
Each sigh, ah well-a-day!

Can love, alas! by words be shown?
He ask'd a proof, a tender one,
Whilst I, ah well-a-day!
In silence blush'd a fond reply;
Can she that truly loves deny?
Ah no! ah well-a-day!

L.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MR. DUNLAP, who announced, last summer, his intention of publishing his Dramatic Works, by subscription, in ten volumes, has met with sufficient success to justify his putting the first volume in the press. A portrait of Mrs. Wignell, engraved by Edwin, will accompany the first, and a likeness of some one eminent performer will be given in each succeeding volume. Mr. Dunlap, we understand, has been many years engaged in collecting materials for a history of the American stage, to be accompanied by biographical sketches of the performers, with well engraved likenesses.

F. Nichols is printing Elements of Geometry, containing the first six books of Euclid, with a supplement on the quadrature of the circle, and the geometry of solids. Second edition, enlarged. By John Playfair, professor of mathematics in the university of Edinburgh. This is decidedly the best edition of Euclid that has ever been published. It is already introduced into some colleges in the United States, and will probably be used in all.

There has lately been published, at Philadelphia, a Treatise on the hidden Nature and the Treatment of Intermitting and Remitting Fevers; illustrated by various experiments and observations. In two books. By Jean Senac, M. D. Translated from the Latin, with notes, by Charles Caldwell, M. D., and a recommendatory preface, by Dr. Rush, expressed in the following terms:

"The following translation of Senac's treatise 'de recondita febrium intermittentium, tum remittentum natura, et de earum curatione,' was undertaken by Dr. Caldwell at the request of the subscriber. He has long known it to be a judicious and useful work, and has derived much assistance from it in his practice. He is happy in this opportunity of recommending it to the students of medicine in the United States, as peculiarly calculated to assist them in forming just opinions of the nature and treatment of the summer and autumnal diseases of our country."

Benjamin Johnson, of Philadelphia, has published A Compendious History of the World, from the earliest times, to the coronation of Bonaparte; the latter part of which

has been written by a citizen of Philadelphia.

The same publisher has given us a short account of the life and writings of the great apologist for quakerism, Robert Barclay; An Easy Grammar of Geography, for the use of schools, by the Rev. J. Goldsmith; The Poems of Addison; and, in one volume, the poetry of Dr. S. Johnson, and William Collins.

The Rev. John Sherman, of Mansfield, Connecticut, has published a work, entitled, One God in one Person only; and Jesus Christ a being distinct from God, dependent upon him for his existence and his various powers, maintained and defended.

Dr. Holmes, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has published the first volume of American Annals; or, a Chronological History of America, from its discovery in 1492 to 1806.

At Philadelphia has appeared, Bonaparte and Moreau, a comparison of their political and military lives. To which is added, Moreau's speech on the day of his trial at Paris; with some curious particulars relating to that event.

Samuel Austin has published An Examination of the Representations and Reasonings contained in seven Sermons lately published by the Rev. Daniel Merrill, on the modes and subjects of baptism, in several letters addressed to the author; in which it is attempted to show that those representations and reasonings were not founded in truth.

James Hulbert, jun., of Northampton, Massachusetts, has given us The Complete Fifer's Museum; or, a collection of marches, of all kinds, now in use in the military line. Also, a number of occasional tunes, for the actual service and the militia; with rudiments and lessons complete for the work.

Charles Robbins, of Portland, has published The Columbian Harmony, or Maine Collection of Church-Music; being a selection from thirty-six authors, and part original. The whole compiled for the use of schools, singing societies, and worshipping assemblies.

There has appeared at Dedham, Massachusetts, A New Collection of Psalm Tunes, by D. Read, author of the American Singing-Book.

At Boston, The First Church Collection of Sacred Music, for the use of religious societies, has been published by Mr. J. T. Buckingham.

William P. Farrand and Co., of Philadelphia, in connection with the reverend E. Williams, Rotherham, and E. Parsons, Leeds, England, are publishing by subscription, in ten volumes, royal octavo, the whole works of Philip Doddridge, D. D., with Orton's life and elegant portrait of the author. Several of the first volumes of this work are now ready to be delivered to subscribers, and those remaining will probably be received in the course of the season. They are executed in a style highly elegant, on new type, and paper of a superior quality.

Allan B. M'Gruder, a well-known and popular writer of Kentucky, has meditated, for some time, a History of the Indian Wars. The nature of his plan is explained in the following advertisement.

Lexington, August 20.

As I am about passing into Louisiana, and will, probably, be absent from this state some time, I think it necessary to inform that portion of the public which has kindly expressed a solicitude for the appearance of my History of the Indian Wars, that the work is far from being relinquished. It composes a part of the American history too important to remain unwritten, at a period when it may be completed with advantage to the community, and when time has left untouched the principal sources of correct information. The work will be suspended till the author's return to this state. But the country to which he is about to travel will constitute a point from whence the most valuable observations, on the present social condition of the savage tribes, can be made. As soon as the object of his mission

is accomplished, he will contemplate, in person, the genius of a people, with whose actions we have become acquainted by feeling their barbarous effects, but of whose national character we have very little satisfactory intelligence. By this means, the most lively impressions will be made upon the mind of the historian, and he will be better enabled to give to his narrative the stamp of original observation, than if it were simply compiled from the cold details of ancient or cotemporary authors.

As it is the intention of the author to pass from the Apelusas country, by the route of St. Louis, through the north-western tribes, he will have some opportunity of acquiring the *Indian account* of many of those events with which the first settlers here were familiar. These accounts will, of course, be rendered more authentic, by obtaining the separate details of the parties engaged in hostilities.

The documents already procured for the work are numerous, of the first authority, and highly elucidate many important events which are rapidly passing away from the notice of the present generation. Many remain yet to be acquired, both in the philosophical and military departments of the history. Those already in the author's possession embrace a great variety of matter connected with his subject. They relate to the genius, manners, and social condition of the Indians in different parts of the continent of America, and in the islands of the Southern and Pacific oceans. They explain the general principles of that policy, which from time to time was adopted by the cabinets of France and England, in relation to Indian affairs in America. They detail a considerable part of those early events which gave rise to the connections between the French and the Indians of Canada, to render more formidable their opposition to the British colonies; an opposition which generally grew out of trans-atlantic politics. They describe the means and the motives from which the French extended their settlements along the northern lakes, and on the shores of the Mississippi. Many of those documents, also, give very curious and particular details of the Cherokee and Muskogee operations against the southern colonies, of the wars in the north, from the years 1750 to the American revolution; and of those bloody hostilities which ensued during the efforts of the Americans to settle the western country.

With the materials now on hand, and with some others, which a little diligence will enable him to procure, the author presumes that he will possess the means of ultimately presenting to the world a subject, in some measure worthy the contemplation of those statesmen who are in the habit of calculating the future destiny of nations, through the medium of events that have passed away. A. B. M.

END OF VOLUME IV.